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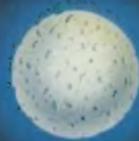
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DRUMMER



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DRUMMER

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE OF POPULAR GAY CULTURE

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GETTING OFF

C&B TORTURE

As a faithful DRUMMER reader for several years, I have seen letters and articles dealing with the dangers and complications inherent in severe C&B torture, especially if done by an amateur.

In March of '81, I was meatomized during a particularly heavy scene. The cut was about $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches long from the tip of my penis to just behind the head along the underside. There wasn't a lot of bleeding, and I healed in about six weeks (the opening remained, of course).

In July, I noticed some slight discoloration of the tip; a loss of feeling in the head. A tissue biopsy was taken and I was found to have pre-cancerous myeloma. The doctor said this was a direct result of the metatony. I was put on drug therapy and told to return in 90 days.

In October a second biopsy was done and they found that 35% of the glans had been invaded by the myeloma. Since both drugs and radiation had failed, surgery was the only alternative. In ten minutes, under local anaesthesia, I lost the entire head of my cock.

I'm due back in January '82 for more tests. Hopefully I won't have to lose any more than I already have.

Name and Address Withheld

(Editor's Note: While we can emphasize with the extreme tragedy of your situation, we have to wonder if you did not heed enough the warnings you read in DRUMMER in the past about the nature of the activity involved. The bottom line in sexual activity should be that both partners are acting in an intelligent environment of trust and understanding. But regardless of the 'correctness' of any environment, we have to question the necessity of sexual acts that maim and destroy (which is exactly what a metatony represents). And we have to ask: To what good does such activity lead? Within the bounds of respect for another human being's welfare — the spectrum of S&M is extremely rewarding, cathartic, and meaningful — but only within those bounds of respect. Physical destruction falls well outside any intelligent sphere; in S&M, in vanilla sex, in any sort of social action. We're sure you have learned from your individual experience; but wonder how many others will have to walk into the fire before they realize it burns.)

QUOTE OF THE YEAR

"Before we can cure homosexuality we have to find a cure for heterosexuality."

— Mary Calderone

MALECALL/Dear Sir:

SPARE THE PADDLE

I ran across this hot little tidbit and thought it might give you some ideas: It seems the teachers in Dade County Florida (where have you heard that name before?) have adopted the fine art of paddling students to get off. Why else would they be doing it?

A certain high school principal, James Hunt, takes his paddle with him wherever he goes and displays it on his desk so that any student coming into his office can see it. The paddle has a name — Mr. Understanding. He probably has a paddle named "Bootsy."

In a newspaper article about paddling, Hunt bragged how he had paddled 874 different students, setting an all-time record for the school system. He also told the newspaper, "I want to see some kind of reaction. When I don't, I worry that it's in vain." Yeah, I'll bet.

Using the same kind of stupid statistics that the school board usually does — Hunt must have a fondness for the backsides of black males because (1) more males are paddled than females, and (2) more blacks are paddled than whites.

Oh yes, one final thing. The official paddle must be, according to school board regulations, no more than 4 inches wide, one-half inch thick, made of wood, and can only be used on the ass cheeks. My paddle is also four inches wide, but 3/4 inch thick, covered with leather and has a circle of six round studs in the center — to leave a lasting impression.

So, I have a question for Drummer: Do you think paddling young male students (black or white) makes for better bottoms?

Steven Thames
Miami, FL

(Editor's note: It may take for redder bottoms. We think that Mr. Hunt deserves some kind of award — if he managed to administer all those paddlings without once getting an erection. I remember being paddled in high school, when I got caught sucking off the couch. He didn't get paddled, however. The double standard at work. Someone should be checking to see if the students are getting erections when paddled. Now that would be a statistic we'd be interested in hearing about!)

POLE AVAILABLE

Many greetings. Please help me advertise myself and my address in your magazine. I am a Polish gay man, 28 years old, handsome, slender, hairy,

black hair, and passive. I would like friendship with white and black American males. I have a hairy asshole, and offer it to American males.

Andrew Angelo Hoszowski
ul. Warszawska 15/6
44-100 GLIWICE
POLAND

(Editor's note: We seldom print letters seeking correspondence in the Male Call section — that's what the Drumbeats are for! — but we were especially touched by Andrew's letter. Gays in Poland have enough problems without having to buy American currency on the black market and smuggle it out of the country.)

MOVIELESS

Maybe because I live in a small town, I never get to see many of the movies you have in Drummer, especially the foreign ones. Are they ever on television? How can I see them? What good is hearing about them if I can't see them?

V. Martinez
Costa Mesa, AZ

(Editor's note: Living in a small town may also mean that you don't have the kind of bars and baths and recreational places covered in DRUMMER, or that you don't have access to the local organizations common to New York, Los Angeles and San Francisco. We often consider that DRUMMER itself may be of more importance to readers outside the major cities, which is why the kind of information you find in DRUMMER is there. As for the films, some do appear on television, often edited to death. A good place to see foreign films is on university campuses, where school-related film societies screen films for students. Almost always the public can attend.)

PLEASE, SIR!

What have I done wrong? Humiliation I deserve, punishment I crave, to wait in an agony of excitement, hope, fear and expectation for a snarl, a lash, a kick, or a subscription renewal form from you is my pleasure. But, Sir, to stop sending DRUMMER is too much. I cower at your mastery — you have reached my limits, even exceeded them. To taunt me with issue 47 of DRUMMER and then to send no more ...

Please, Sir, restore me to my place on your mailing list and content yourself with less devious means of torture. Aside from my willing devotion and

service to you, DRUMMER is my other chief pleasure. With bowed head . . .

Bill

Arlington, VA

TOWNSEND'S BALLS!

What's left to be said? All the praise you've gotten a hundred times over, probably too many suggestions. God only knows how many studs have wasted their loads over your pages; probably premature to point out and making the mistake of "Oh, I'll just go out and pick up the attitude before . . ." Out of all this I can complain? As my blood rushes, you have one son-of-a-bitch writing for you, a Mister Larry Townsend-Sir. Would I like to have his balls for a day. The nerve, I mean, it makes me rise out of my chair; the words I can see coming closer daring not even to stop reading. I just have to come out of my chair, the cocksucker does it everytime; I scream . . . "Continued Next Issue" you son-of-a-bitch! Issue no. 46 and 47 particularly - the series *Run No More*. Noooooo! You couldn't just build it into a climax, hit that, then ease out of a chapter, could you? What, are you afraid the next issue wouldn't sell - no such luck, you've got 'em hooked. Oh, I figure the man knows exactly what he's doing but it really is hard on the heart, not to mention the balls. But hey, listen to me! Fat chance! So just keep it up, just go ahead and revel in the knowledge that there are a million balls out there, hanging till your next tease, you sadistic . . . you know what you are.

Herbic

Ft. Lauderdale, FL

NUTS / BALLS

In past letters in this column have been some from guys into ball stretching and other good ball games who have lamented the lack of a means of recognizing each other in a bar or elsewhere. My suggestion is to take a trip to the hardware store and buy two large, shiny nuts. Put the nuts on a small chain or a leather thong and wear them with your keys (on whichever side you wear your keys). If you are into both sides of ball play, you could wear the nuts on your belt loop. Maybe this will help get potential ball players together.

Stan
Los Angeles, CA

BLADE'S BOOK

Stompers Gallery, where we mentioned Blade's book of erotic artwork was available, has closed. The book however, *The Barn 1948 and More Dirty Pictures*, is available from the co-publisher: Leslie Lohman Gallery, 485 Broome St., New York, NY 10013. Price is \$12 (postage included).

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IN SEARCH OF AN HONESTOGOD



COWBOY!

Cowboys, real cowboys, were butt-fuckers. Cowboys didn't screw their horses and they didn't screw the sheep—they plugged each other. Not much cocksucking, just old fashioned butt-fucking. And they didn't use any vaseline, just a handful of spit and a powerful set of thighs. And no one ever asked if it hurt. It always hurt. It had to hurt and burn and tear to make a cowpoke's ass cry.



Monty (below) had less interest in Marion's eyes than he did in his bullcock, and imagined himself in a similar position as the real cowboys above, but Marion was having none of it and Monty went to the great round-up in the sky having never licked the sweat off the balls of The Duke.



John Travolta, you weren't the first. I had my red handkerchief wrapped around my cock, my calloused fist, weary from rail-splitting, pumping my bone-hard meat years before you donned a pair of Levis and clogged your way across the hardwood floor at Gilligan's. I would come in from calving, or studding our prize stallion, and there would be Clark Gable breaking wild Mustangs in *The Misfits*, his craggy face a living testament to his virility. I would haunch down in front of a Philco black and white, my gloved hand fingering the growing bulge in my jeans, and watch The King console the wasted and racked Montgomery Cliff—and know that after a hard day's filming it was Cliff who was locked in a midnight ritual of pounding his little boy's cock, alone in his hotel room, dreaming of Gable and those strong, powerful hands.

Robert Redford, you weren't the first. I had oozed a thousand loads out of the swollen head of my dick before you struttet your way across the Arizona wilderness with your favorite ride in *The Electric Horseman* looking for 'freedom' for yourself and your horse, never understanding that freedom was what you gave up when you and Paul Newman gave each other up in *The Sting*.

Before you there was Marlon Brando in *One-Eyed Jacks*, a man made for the pioneer town scandal; an outlaw that spread his thighs for skinny high school kids in an earlier incarnation. There was Brando, trading in a torn t-shirt for a calfskin jacket and a six-shooter, a mouthful of marbles for a pair of spurs and boots that tracked across the saloon floor like the steady thump of a young stallion's heart slowing down after a mighty orgasm. The outlaw; the man in the barn leaning over the ass-fucked stable boy and smearing a handful of come across a bruised and dirty buttock. The butter in *Last Tango* was no breakthrough, it was only one step up from a fistful of spit.

Even as a cowboy, Brando had a chest. Slabs of marble-flesh heaving under a rough-cut shirt; hairless and heavy and strong. The kind of chest a cowpoke could curl up on and die. The kind of chest that produced rivers of salt-tasting sweat; whiskey for a thirsty man.

Before Brando there was Randolph Scott, Gregory Peck, Alan Ladd—there was a cowboy you could butt-fuck and know your thighs would be slapping against steel-hard ass cheeks, that your dick could penetrate only after a fight,

that would tremble under your assault like a mail-order bride, like a store-bought virgin. There was a cowboy you would have to knock out each time you wanted to fuck him—who would never give in because you were bigger than him and little dudes have to be raped to maintain their masculinity.

There were some cowboys you never considered fucking, often nameless slabs in the background of the good guy or the bad guy; little more than tubs of lard stuffed into regulation chaps and plaid shirts—ashholes without character, or characters without assholes. And there were the young hands that never grew up to be cowboys; pretenders like Rod McKuen who grew up instead to keep cats and write poetry. And cow-

you would probably never get it again. And you'd have to use some strong fucking rope to keep his hands tied, 'cause if he ever got loose he'd shove that rope up your ass, wrapped around his fist. You'd have to think seriously about getting on your knees and begging good if you wanted some of that cowboy. You have to consider forgetting your fancy ideas about butt-fucking and settle for giving the man the best head a cowboy ever dreamed of, if you wanted to walk away in one piece. And even then you had no guarantee that afterwards he wouldn't drag you by the collar over to his horse and tell you start all over again, this time on something bigger. And still, you might wind up flatter than a cow pie.

life, where a gun was drawn only in self-defense. Sick cattle were shot so they wouldn't infect the herd. Marion was into killing Indians because he couldn't tell the difference. And Marion never got a hard-on, not for twenty-five years of pretending he was a cowpoke.

Neither did Louis L'Amour. Louis claims no other cowboys got stiff dicks either, and he should know—he wasn't there. Louis claims cowboys were too tired to fuck around at night; after a hard day punching cattle they all went to the bunkhouse, or under the blanket, and fell fast asleep. Funny, but that didn't seem to affect the replication of the population any. Guess it was the camp cook screwing all the prairie wives and making the babies, huh? Maybe he put saltpeter in the grits.

Cowboys, real cowboys, were butt-fuckers. Cowboys didn't screw their horses and they didn't screw the sheep (the Australians did that)—they plugged each other. Not much cocksucking, just old fashioned butt-fucking. And they didn't use any vaseline, just a handful of spit and a powerful set of thighs. And no one ever asked if it hurt. It always hurt. It had to hurt and burn and tear to make a cowpoke's ass cry.

The bigger and older fucked the younger and smaller cowpokes; that was the law of the west. And they didn't always ask permission, sometimes they just took what they needed to calm down their balls when the opportunity was right and no one was looking. Many a time a half-asleep cattle driver would hear something that sounded like a cow being plowed by a bull in the middle of the night never thinking or caring that is was a greenhorn cowpoke giving up his ass to a horny cowboy.

A lot of dudes wanted to be real cowboys but either came along too late or didn't have what it took. There was little real west left when Clint Walker stripped off his calfskin pants and dove naked into the creek. The west had been traded for the south when Nick Adams rolled up his sleeves and tried to operate the telegraph, or when Neville Brand claimed there were no real men left out in the west Texas of *Fort Worth*, only sissies and pretty boys sent by Hollywood to decorate the landscape. There was no more Tom Mix or Roy Rogers or Lash LaRue; no Hopalong Cassidy or Cisco Kid. No Rough Riders. Only Zorro in his satin cape, more comfortable with a wine glass than a rattlesnake.

The last holdout was *The Lone Ranger*



'They died with their boots on' is a rewrite of the true slogan of the west, 'They fucked with their boots on', which they did to keep the rattlers away from their ankles.

boys that disappeared around the edge of some mesa and never came back. Too many times you would work up a good stiff boner over some nameless ranch hand who swaggered just right in his work duds, who had a way of letting his hand brush the dirt off his thighs, who stood around the corral with a shoot of straw hanging out of the corner of his mouth, dark eyes watching the horses and the horse breakers; then vanish from the screen between scenes; a potential hot sticky load gone forever. And never to reappear in a hundred late night reruns.

There were some cowboys you knew would whip your ass if you tried touching theirs. Clint Eastwood, maybe the biggest cock in the west, wouldn't give up his ass easy—and if you got it once

there are some cowboys that didn't deserve their spurs, like the great Western princess, John (Marion) Wayne. The closest he ever came to riding a steer was an all-night session with Clara Bow when he was a football-jock and she was entertaining the team after a big game. Clara never said whether Marion was a good rider, but everyone knew he had enough bullshit on his boots to turn Hollywood into a stockyard.

Cowboys were about taming the land and breaking wild horses and bringing cattle to market. Cowboys were about cold winter nights on the plains huddled around a campfire under a blanket and keeping the herd moving south to the stock yards. Cowboys were about living in the pioneer west where a man was measured by his hard work and his hard



No one in American history got fucked as badly as the American Indian. No wonder they are slaves. Besides the 300 treaties the white man broke with the red man, this guy has just been told that his former white cowboy lover has infected him with a dose of the clap. Indian men bent over often for the hairy, blue-eyed cowpoke. And wild west prairie bandits loved the touch and taste of the red man's smooth, hairless skin—especially his muscled, hard, equally-hairless ass. When a cowpoke wasn't trying to get his dick up an Indian's backside, he was trying to get his tongue under the uncurl savage's foreskin. *Song of the Loom*, a historic trilogy based on real Indian lore, was the first inkling in contemporary times that cowboys and Indians had been fuck buddies since the coming of the white man.

and his child-wife Tonto. The Lone Ranger fucked Tonto because America had taught him how to fuck Indians morally, economically, politically and physically. The Lone Ranger, whose real name was Millhouse, fucked Tonto dry, pulled out his shit-covered dick and wiped it on the prostate savage's hon-clot. *K-e-mo-sa-me* means "dirty dick."

By the time the Cartwrights came along, the west had been buried for years. It was replaced by highway turnarounds; the cowboys in the 18-wheelers were getting their meat eaten at truck stops and in rest area johns. Even Michael Landon, the prettiest cow-

poke in the west, and the butt every American man wanted to plug, couldn't bring back the great round-up.

Cowboys had been replaced by a different kind of pioneer—the motorcycle outlaw. James Dean meant no more. Marlon Brando. Dean was leaner, less inhibited—perfectly willing to strip off and jack off in a tree for posterity. He had spread his thighs for the adoration of Sal Mineo. In *Rebel Without A Cause* he had reached over his shoulder to pull his guitar from the back seat of his car, the new symbols for the horse and the gun.

The sounds of tumbling tumbleweeds

was replaced with the roar of Harley choppers beating down asphalt highways. The taste of bitter coffee from a prairie campfire gave way to the slosh of warm red wine in green glass bottles—and the late night butt-fuck under a Utah sky became an awkward mutual hand-job in a damp Los Angeles alley. The romance of the west was thrown out with the used condoms.

I threw out my red handkerchief in the late 1960's. Travolta wore it around his neck in *Urban Cowboy*, but it just didn't smell the same.

Terrance Sagan



COWBOY

Jason Klein



Every summer morning before our rooster strained its worthless throat, Darren hopped out of the top bunk and woke me with a whisper. Every morning I opened my eyes to the sight of Darren working his dirtiest jeans over the chaps he had slept in, his hard tight ass flexing and relaxing as he then pushed his feet into his shittickers and forced the chaps and jeans over them. While he stomped his heels to drop his pants as low as possible, I crawled into my buckskins and my moccasins as quickly as I could once Darren started punching at my arms and pecs, ordering me to hurry and calling me cowboy. That was Darren's way of poking at me for wanting to be an Indian. I only had to toss his hat at him to remind him how stupid he could be at times since he was always forgetting it, even on the hottest, brightest mornings.

Just before dawn, we snuck to the barn so's not to wake up old Joe, saddled the chestnut and the piebald, then rode out to check the fences. Usually we rode half-naked, our legs feeling meaner in leather when our backs were bare, nice and vulnerable under the sun and wind and the bugs. We didn't even mind how truly humiliating it was heading back. By then the bugs were feisty as all hell, and a man's legs don't feel very mean when they can't do a thing for you 'cause the bugs are everywhere and you're only escaping one to meet another.

When none of the fences needed mending, we had lots of time to kill before heading back for breakfast, so we'd relax out at the west end of the range where an old bur oak was always waiting for us. We'd whoop and holler, chasing each other around it, dodging and counterdodging left and right until we both took the same side and grabbed each other.

Darren and I were pretty even strengthwise, but I knew what I wanted just as much as Darren did. We wrestled until we were out of breath and sweating like hogs, and then Darren'd get the better of me, flip me onto my back and have my arms pinned between his knees before I knew what'd hit me. By the time I could manage to buck, he was winding rope around my wrists and ankles, hogtying me quick as any calf. It was the way we wanted it.

He'd shake his ass at me. "Come on, cowboy. I'd spit in his eye. "Where's your hat, stupid?"

Darren could tie any man up so fast and mean that the meanest of men whimpered and most men bawled. No man could stop struggling once Darren had them tied and fit to be branded. Darren's rope fucking hurt. But Darren also knew rope. He knew it as thoroughly as he loved leather, and when Darren tied me, he had other things in mind. He'd tie me just tight enough so the ropes wouldn't slip no matter what, but not so tight I'd ever lose the use of my hands afterwards. My feet could take anything. Ever since I was knee-high to a grasshopper, I was hanging myself upside down from any tree I could be alone with just for the kicks of it. By the time I met Darren, my ankles were tough as horn. Darren took advantage of that and, throwing rope over the biggest lower branch, hauled me off the ground by my feet. Hanging upside down hogtied is not all that comfortable even to an old hand like me, and right away I'd start shouting and bucking, begging him to let me down.

Darren'd just open his pants and plop down in the weeds, pulling out his big hard cock and shaking it at me as he laughed at my predicament. I didn't have to fake a thing. He'd have me furious in nothing flat no matter how many times we played that way. The angrier and feistier I got, the bigger and harder his cock grew.

"Yeah, work for me, cowboy," he'd always say, loading his eyes with the sight of me and beating his cock until it spurted. Usually he'd spurt in my face, hooting and howling, so I'd spurt too and start bawling like Charlie's brat nephew. Hanging upside down hogtied is the finest time I can have, but once I spurt there is no enjoying it, whatsoever. Suddenly the

pain is just too fucking intense. It has me so desperate I'm going stockraving mad, thinking I'm sure to lose something this time.

Darren wasted no time getting me down. He was better'n me with rope on that one. I could get men tied and hurting real fast, but getting them out of my rope took some patience. You don't expect patience from a calf, so when we and the other boys'd practice on each other, no one really jumped on me for my technique. Actually it gave me quite a reputation since I still branded as many as any man.

Needing patience is exactly what had Darren trailing my ass the same week he joined the ranch. We both liked to tie and be tied, but Darren preferred staying on the ground and having only the rope to deal with. Sometimes my cock'll spurt just lying here thinking about him tied naked in the dirt and cursing up a storm. He was one handsome sonuvabitch.

Since Darren would never let me tie him up first, I only got to play with him if we took an early start and didn't even have a wire to mend. Then I'd have plenty of time to hogtie him real mean and tight, then make him bite the dust. I'd lick and bite his big body everywhere until he was all tuckered out and gasping like a fish out of water. That alone took a good twenty minutes, even at my meanest. If his cock hadn't spurted by then, I could safely untie him and it wouldn't matter much what I did to him. He'd just lie there wanting whatever came next.

First I tied him spread eagle in the dirt patch we'd made by bucketing sand from the river. The stakes were always there since it was my sacred circle, and Darren knew exactly where to lie it. Once I had him stretched so tight his cock was high and bobbing, I licked his crotch while dropping dirt in his face. He loved it.

I licked and chewed him from under his balls to every ticklish spot I could find. He wouldn't know whether to laugh or cry until I started shoving feathers up his nose. By then I had him shouting, so I'd work sticks between his toes, tying every toe down, then I'd do the same to his fingers. By the time he was begging me for mercy, but getting damn hard, I tortured his tits with my teeth and nails. He was dripping by the time I had his cock and balls roped and hanging from a branch. The higher up I pulled his balls, the bigger he got, blowing and hooting, working those lungs of his something fierce. His butt, back and belly muscles locked into a fine shape. Then I got him to start crying by licking the tip of his cock and swiftly sucking it clear back to my tonsils. I sucked especially slow then. He'd be so fucking crazy to squeeze a muscle when he had nothing left to squeeze, he'd bust roaring and spurt everywhere.

If we had the time, I would not leave his cock alone. I had it, dammit. There was nothing the old cowboy could do but fight for his life. I licked and sucked that crazy cock until he thought he'd die. I knew I had him once he started calling me Chief just to calm me down. The Chief let him collapse and recuperate only long enough to pull another spurt out of him. Sometimes he got so pissed off, he'd tear a stake out of the ground and try to hit me with it. He was still hard as hell, so I'd just pull his balls high again, whooping at his shouts and gagging his screams with my snotty handkerchief. He'd spurt for sure and still be good for another, if we had the time.

On one of those days when we had both given each other hell and almost Joe beating his triangle, we raced to our seats at the breakfast table and were suddenly face to face with a new hand. As soon as I saw that man's long black hair and owl feather hanging from a turquoise at his throat, my cock pushed hard against my buckskins and I wanted to see his feet. I was hoping he wore moccasins and having a helluva time keeping my eyes off him, when Jim joined the table and introduced us to Hawk, a Navajo from Arizona.

Darren snapped a look at me. I tried not to act too enthusi-



astic, but damn, Hawk's eyes had prairie storms in them. I have never seen silver grey eyes vibrate so much. They bore right through my head and set things to sparkling. His face was slightly round but rugged with a sturdy jaw. I like that. I like it a lot. I wanted to lick him behind his ears and chew on his shoulders. Instead I wolfed down a flapjack. I fancied filling my mouth with his cock, seeing it big and dusty from wrestling naked with me in my sacred circle. I bit off some sausage and washed it down with orange juice. I thought of his dirty cock spurting in my face and I almost spurted in my britches, my cock was rubbing so fine between them and my leg.

I noticed Jim was eyeing how I was jabbing at my food. I swallowed down some more juice so I could close my eyes and slap my insides around. "Calm down, boy. Calm down," I thought to myself, and in the second it took to gulp a couple swigs, I had my knees steady and put my mind to eating more regularly. I couldn't show a thing of this to anyone. The other boys don't take too kindly to faggots and Darren would have had my hide. So I ate them flapjacks and sausages real easy like, cutting jacks the way I wanted to slide my hands up and down Hawk's pecs and loins, slicing sausages the way I'd massage his crotch, then chewing that meat with all my anger at having to hide what was going on inside me.

I wanted Hawk to know the loco spirit that was eating so calmly across from him. I wanted everyone to know so I could relax with it, but after I knew how Hawk felt about it and we could take it where we wanted, not after I'd been beaten and thrown off the ranch so it didn't matter much what I felt.

I demanded Joe gave me some more rattlesnakes (that's what we called his sausages), and Joe demanded I grow my own. I managed an honest laugh. Jim, knowing more than he let on, ordered Steve, Darren and me out to the west end and sent Hawk with the other boys to the north. I watched Hawk's thick arms press the table away, his muscles turning to show me the ass of death. He wore shitkickers instead of moccasins, but I didn't care.

I was relieved to get away from him and glad Steve would be there to keep Darren and me away from each other. I needed time to think, and I was hoping it would be time enough for Darren to calm down, if he needed calming down. I really wasn't sure how much he suspected, and I resented even having to worry about it. I herded cattle that day the way I wanted to stroke the inside of Hawk's ass, always easing them well into the gulches before driving hard and furious.

At dinner, I was dripping in my pants, but I held it in good. With a thunderstorm banging over our heads, my jitters were easily mistaken for something else. Everybody knew how much thunder spooks me. I drank more than my usual beers, so by the time we had all gathered around the fire, I was so strong and easy asked Hawk to tell us a native ghost story.

I don't remember which story he told that night, but they always had people turning into animals bigger than they are, and somebody was always being tortured in ways only an Indian would think of. Nobody teased me about wanting to be an Indian after that night. Even Darren took a moment, once we were all tucked into our bunks, to hang over the top bunk and spit at me, whispering, "Hey, cowboy, that Hawk sure tells a damn good story." That was as close a confession as I'd ever get out of Darren that he suddenly understood why I wanted what I did.

The next morning Darren woke me with one of his "damn the other boys" kisses. We rode off to our tree, both of us on the same horse and swatting each other's bugs. We played the same games, but Darren wasn't as rough as usual and he sucked me grand. I wanted to hang from that tree for the rest of the day. Let the bugs eat me and the sun beat down on my dirty hide. I was swinging grand.

But chores are chores, and when we got back, Jim asked

Darren and me to show Hawk the west end, so I was even happier Darren had treated me so fine. It made it a lot easier to control the sparks flying through me every time I looked into Hawk's eyes as I pointed out some gully and how we used it to guide the herds. Darren kept us along the riverbed, and it didn't bother me at all when we passed the path to our bur oak without mentioning it to Hawk. Some things are too sacred, and that spot was strictly for Darren and me.

By sunset, I realized it was going to be a full moon that night. Darren and I had a real thing about full moons, something so close to sacred that I could postpone Hawk even further. We waited until all the boys were snoring with their cans in their hands, and then we snuck out to our tree.

That old bur oak was pure Halloween during a full moon. Its great branches twitched in the wind, squeaking and scratching at the sky. We'd lie under it, getting even drunker and wondering how the moon changed its shape. It would make us all cold and quiet like just knowing it had something to do with the moon moving around the world, in thirty days. It amazed me anything could move so fast, and watching the moon come to us full again was like welcoming it back from a very long journey.

Things like that move me. I can't help it. I start thinking about where that moon has been, and all I'm not seeing, and I get to be like Charlie's brat nephew. Well, not that bad I do have some guts. But looking at the stars, just thinking how far away they are and wanting to know what they're really like, it can bring tears to my eyes. It aches in me that I can't find them things out, and when I was lying there like that with Darren, he just naturally relaxed me so much I'd eventually cry the pain out. He wouldn't say a thing. He didn't understand it, but he understood the rest of me enough to hold me through it until I was calmed down again and feeling stronger between his legs.

That night was like that, and between Darren and me stronger means feistier. He slapped me into laughing, and we jumped out of our jackets and shirts, circling each other for a hot and heavy match, kicking each other into the dirt and grabbing at each other's throats until we were locked one against the other, struggling without budging, dripping and grinding our teeth, then laughing as we felt one of us finally give. Usually give turned to take, so we'd whoop and snort, locking ourselves into some other position until one of us broke it for still another. Naturally I gave him my last and collapsed.

Darren wound rope around my wrists and tied them to our favorite branch, forcing me to hang uproot. I love feeling my arms and belly stretch. He pulled my pants down, working my jeans away from the chaps I was wearing under them like he asked me to, then he yanked my pants all the way off and tossed them into the weeds. He left the chaps on me, grabbed my ankles and tied them tight, then roped my feet to the base of the tree so I was screaming and yelling but hardly able to thrash around. My armpits felt like they were tearing and my hands couldn't grip the branch to help me relieve the strain. My cock stuck out big and bobbing as if I was being licked by a hundred Indians. Sometimes I think my cock is just too damn stupid to tell the difference between pain and pleasure.

My cock spurted so fast, Darren cursed up a storm. He untied my feet from the tree and lowered my hands enough so I could stand and bend my arms a little, but he didn't free me. My wrists stayed roped to that tree, my ankles still bound together, and then Darren let loose with all the fury he had in him. Darren has a real mean streak at times, especially when he thinks somebody's done him wrong, and he let me know he didn't like the way I'd been eyeing Hawk's ass. He belted my ass until I was pulling myself up as high as the branch and my strength would take me, then he belted my shoulders



hard until my knees were reaching for the ground. He belted me until I was throwing myself every which way and finally shouting as furious as I get, "Enough is enough."

I was also crying by then, so Darren tossed his belt into the weeds and joined it, lying there looking up at my bawling naked in the moonlight except for my chaps and moccasins. His cock was as big as mine by then. I could see it poking against his underpants. I wondered at that because Darren never wore underwear that I remembered, and yet there he was with his pants unbuttoned and the moonlight shining real bright where his white cotton showed. It made me hungry just seeing his cock trapped underneath it, so blue in the night and obviously dripping. I wondered what he was up to.

He never took his cock out. He just worked it inside his underpants, kicking me now and then so I'd struggle and scream for blood. "Yeah, work for me, cowboy."

I would have killed him then, but all I could do was shake that tree and kick dirt at him. Darren hooted and howled and I could see white cotton darkening as he spurted. His load surprised me, but not nearly as much as when he tore his underpants off his body, ripping and yanking until they came out of his jeans, then tossing them at my feet and pissing on them while he soaked my moccasins as well.

I really would have killed him, but no one gets out of Darren's rope. He just grabbed my cock with those wet underpants and worked it nice and easy. I tried not to spurt, but there was no resisting it. I gave in, spurted lots, and immediately begged to be let down.

I didn't like the look in Darren's eyes as he untied my feet and undid my chaps. The chaps fell off, and without even my legs in leather, I started shivering, feeling vulnerable and exposed and not too happy about what might be running through Darren's mind.

"I think I'll just leave you here for the night, cowboy. Give you a chance to cool off, you've been so hot and bothered lately, over nothing." He shoved those piss-soaked cum-filled underpants into my mouth and tied them there with some thong from my chaps, just to keep me from hollering, he said, and to give me something to drink through the long spooky night. Then he hopped onto the chestnut and rode away with my clothes.

I could not believe this was happening. For what seemed hours, I waited for him to come back laughing and ready to take me home. I looked all around, scanning the wide-open spaces from my feet to the horizon. Only a few bushes and a tree offered anybody a hiding place. I got to know them real well, staring one at a time at each bush and that other tree for so long I knew I would have detected any changes, any hint Darren was still there, watching me fret and stomp while he snickered in the shadows. I never found a hint. I looked out over those wide plains bathed in moonlight, nothing stirring, not even a cloud shifting shadows, and I felt lonely. I have never felt so alone and in trouble. It was like I was the last man on Earth and suddenly in the middle of nowhere, not knowing a thing because nothing looked familiar anymore.

Wolves started howling. I started shouting for Darren despite the gag. I didn't want wolves to eat me. I was cold and I didn't like this game. Nobody answered. I started worrying about what might be out there that I didn't know about, what sort of things might come out of the nearby woods to hunt the plains, things that maybe nobody had ever seen before because they only came out at night. I might have been a lot more interested if it hadn't been for the face I couldn't defend myself very well with my hands tied above my head. I screamed for Darren. Darren never came, never answered. Even the wolves stopped howling.

An owl flew into the tree and perched itself, hooting and eyeing me. I guess it didn't think much of a naked man

hanging from a tree in the middle of the night. It flew away, and that was that. Nothing else happened. I was the last man on Earth again.

I fell asleep. I woke to wolves howling again and being answered by even more wolves. They seemed to be gathering, as if dinner had just been found. I worked myself into a fury, crying because the pain in my arms had me weak and I was chilly again. I wanted to keep my strength. I wanted to get even. I wanted to make damn sure Darren lived to regret this night the moment he untied me.

Then I thought what if Darren didn't come back. What if he was so pissed he meant to leave me there until somebody else found me? I knew he wouldn't do that. It would be too awkward for us at the ranch if they found out Darren had tied me naked to a tree with piss-soaked cum-filled underpants stuffed down my throat. That and the bruises on my backside would look just a bit too queer to the other boys. But knowing Darren, I also knew he might just let them find me and then claim he only gave me what any faggot deserved, shifting the eyes from him straight to me who would never be believed then. I could accuse Darren of leading me there and being a faggot too, but they'd only believe Darren claiming he was just trapping me. I'd be thrown off the ranch and he'd be rid of me at the same time he kept me from Hawk. He'd win on all counts, except that he'd lose me for sure.

I couldn't believe Darren would go that far. I was pretty sure he'd at least come before dawn with clothes and another horse so it'd seem like any other day when we headed back for breakfast. I figured he might even come for me before then, so I had to be ready for him at any moment.

I wanted blood, and hoping he wasn't watching, I suddenly realized how I might free myself. It took some doing, but I grabbed the rope above my wrists and, pulling, finally managed to swing myself up onto the branch my hands were roped to, grabbing it with my legs and twisting my belly around until I had it over the branch and could sit up. Darren should never have untied my feet. It was his one mistake. As soon as I could sit up, I could work toward reaching my hands, and I was so angry then, I chewed right through the rope and freed myself.

I hopped to the ground and almost ran for the ranch when I realized I had to stay where I was. Even running all the way, by the time I got back, everybody would be outdoors and bound to see me. How would I explain being naked then? I knew it would be stupid for me to leave when any moment Darren might come back with my clothes. If I started back, we might miss each other and while he'd be damn worried when he found me gone, I wouldn't be too happy either, still having no way to get back unseen. If I was going to kill Darren, it had to be there.

So I knew I had to stay put. I also had to let him think nothing had changed, that I was still hanging there helpless and as lifeless as he thought I should be. I untied the tree, lowered Darren's rope enough so I could tie my hands at one end and be hanging as before, then tied the other end back around the tree. I didn't know exactly how I would kill Darren, but I got into position, wrapping the rope around my wrists and hanging lifeless just in case he should show up while I was thinking. I thought quicker than usual that night, the way hunting will sometimes get you when the animal decides to get tough. Suddenly I knew. The kill was so perfect I howled before I could catch myself and play dead again.

Time passed and I got bored. I had to admire Darren for his feistiness. It meant he loved me, but I still wanted to get even, so I settled for something less drastic. If he was dead, where would the regret be? So I thought up another way to be mean to him, and once I had it, I was so proud of myself, I learned against that oak and scanned the horizon constantly, wide awake and just waiting for the slightest hint somebody was



DRUMMER '8

coming my way. Somebody, something, it didn't matter much to me. I was ready to do harm to whatever came my way.

By dawn, I would have been too exhausted and chilly to fight him if I hadn't been so mad, so mad I was ready for him and the dawn only warming me up more when he finally showed. I saw two horses coming and I hung limp and sobbing. I can fake anything, once I've experienced it for real. I put the whole night into my soul so nobody'd ever have known I had anything in me, just a gutless spineless shell of a man dangling in the wind and the bugs.

There were plenty of bugs making my sobs easier when Darren stepped up to me, but no bug was going to break me then. Even seeing the concern on Darren's face, I slammed my fist into his throat, and while he lay gasping in the weeds, I whipped that rope off its branch and wrapped it around his throat and wrists so fast he was too busy choking to bother with my dragging him as far from the tree as his rope would let me. He could kick all he wanted then. It only helped me pull of his shitkickers and then his pants and his chaps. If he wanted to cover his ass with his shirt, fine. I wasn't about to bother with it, and he'd still have to explain a lot to the boys. Now it was him who'd be returning to the ranch without his pants and boots, and I would have already been among the boys, asking where the hell was Darren so all eyes would be on him, not me. The story would be all his. He wouldn't dare expose me. It wouldn't be believed, and any attitude he took could turn to my advantage. I had the bastard good.

I hung his jeans and chaps across my saddle and tied his shitkickers to the horn, then I untied the tree so I could hogtie Darren tight and mean. He couldn't buck without choking, so I had him real tame and frightened. I licked and bit into his socks until he was hysterical. I tickled him into a fury and kicked him around until he was all tuckered out, and then did I untie him so I could leap into the saddle with his ripe as well as his clothes and ride away with both horses.

I don't think Darren appreciated my howl. He was up and shouting pretty quick, but I put a lot of distance between him and me. Once I was certain to be out of sight, I turned into one of the lesser used gullies. I hid all the evidence, his clothes and the rope, in that gully so not even Darren could guess where to find them, then I found my own clothes in a saddlebag.

Everything went perfect. I got back to the ranch and right away started complaining about having to mend the fences by myself. I should have suspected Jim the moment he seemed to have expected that, but I was too busy keeping my act natural. Soon all the boys knew I was after Darren's hide.

The bugs were feeling mean that day, so I knew Darren would be back soon no matter how stubborn he wanted to be. Hawk sat across from me, both of us busy with our eggs and bacon, but for different reasons, when a lot of whooping and hollering outside finally told me Darren was back, I ran out to watch.

Darren would have looked real pathetic if he wasn't so damn handsome and quick to laugh at himself. He blushed real pretty like and just walked right into the knee-slapping and the jumping, laughing with the boys and wearing his shirt on his back where it belonged. What was naked was naked, and you had to admire him for keeping at least that much together. I loved him because only Darren could have pulled it off so gracefully when he was as pissed as he was.

The boys already had his story figured out. I just leaned back smiling, because I knew those boys better than they thought I did. They kept poking at him just the way I figured they would, wanting to know which pretty little filly from town caught him with his pants off. I have never seen him turn so mad so fast. He snapped and corrected everyone. It weren't no town filly, he glared. Was a country girl who he

just happened to take a liking to because she castrated her goats bare-handed and without anaesthetic. The gleam in his hot eyes was priceless. He stepped among those stiff boys, and poking each one the way he really wanted to poke me, he added that that country girl would be real glad to do likewise to anything or anyone if Darren wanted it bad enough.

So much for the jokes. A few smirks got punched, but by the end of the week it was as if it had never happened, except that Darren and I were avoiding each other. A few days later Jim suggested Hawk and I spend the day looking for some calves at the north end. It was my first chance to be alone with Hawk, so naturally I took it. I had to find out what to do about him, and as soon as we found the last stray, I suggested we ride further north to the canyon. Hawk hadn't seen it yet, so I had a good excuse even though it was late. Best time to see any canyon is at sunset.

We sat at the edge of the biggest hole in the ground I have ever seen. It took days just to reach the bottom by foot. No horse could get down there. Hawk leaned back against a boulder and admired the long cliff walls. He said there was an even greater canyon where his tribe lived. He said the canyon I knew was only the branch of a river and the one he had seen was the river itself where all its many branches came together. It took weeks, sometimes months to climb to the bottom of that one. No horse would go down it. "Bad spirits," he smiled.

We watched the shadows creep across the cliffs, filling the canyon up from the bottom until it was like night down there even though the land around us glowed like pure copper.

Finally I couldn't take any more not knowing and I split it out, "Hawk, do you know what it's like to love another man?" He looked at me. "How do you mean?"

"Like when a man loves a woman."

"Can't be the same. A man and a woman are made different. How does it feel when you love a man?"

I didn't have to think too hard on that one. It spilled out faster than Joe's oatmeal. "Like sparks is shooting around inside your body."

"Like when you are about to kill your first bear or tame your first wolf."

"Yeah, except you don't want to kill him or tame him. You just want him the way he is."

"Want him?"

"Yeah, you try to control it, but everytime you see him, things start sparking inside you and you can't stop it. The sparks just get crazier until they're all one, like a fire inside you and all along your skin until you're frying."

"Why do you try to control it?"

"Because you can't just touch the man.."

"Why not?"

"Because you want to touch all of him. You can't settle for just a quick punch in the arm."

"You want to become blood brothers."

"Yeah, but without the blood."

"Blood is sacred. Only you have your blood. Only I have mine."

"Hawk, I want to touch you like you've never been touched before." The sparks were bouncing everywhere. I let myself fry. It keeps me gentle, believe it or not.

Hawk vaguely smiled as his eyes burrowed into mine. "And just how would you touch me?"

I moved for his shirt, slow enough he could stop me if he wanted, but with all the confidence it deserved. I opened his shirt. "Kick your boots off, Hawk."

He did it with a few flicks of his toes, watching me as he nestled his shoulders into the boulder and I stroked his dark chest. The leather of his skin amazed me. His eyes opened prairie storms when I unbuckled his jeans. My licking along his belt line tensed him just the way I like. I moved plenty

slow. As long as he wasn't stopping me, I kept licking and caressing, waiting for that smile that would tell me to head for smellier regions. Sucking on his tits brought a laugh I quickly sobered with my teeth and nails as I chewed on one and squeezed the other, twisting them one way and then the next.

Hawk took the challenge and dealt with it, then of course discovered more than he had bargained for. That smile of a man meeting his own tits for the first time broke across Hawk's face, and by the time I had him licking his teeth, his tits in heaven and his feet feeling their socks, I was free to tick his head from ear to ear, scuff to nose, sucking and chewing on his throat for a few of his sighs before dragging my tongue down between his pecs to his belly button.

Men do not play enough with their belly buttons. I can usually get away with a few sucks before they're grabbing me by the hair and threatening to beat the shit out of me if I don't stop. Hawk loved it. The more I pushed my tongue down into his button and chewed around its edges, the bigger and happier he got, grabbing the stone behind him and not giving a damn who or what I was just so I kept going.

Swallowing his cock was easy. I had him so high in the clouds, he just writhed and groaned, his belly pulsing to rotate his crotch with the ups and downs of my tongue and cheeks. I thought for sure he'd spurt soon, but he was loving it too much, blowing and gasping, licking his teeth more and more.

Hawk had a few surprises of his own, and he had me choking and sucking on that cock until I thought I would never talk again, my jaws were so sore. I was as crazy with it as he was though, and when he finally did spurt, it was a sight to behold. His belly flattened and closed tighter than I have ever seen on any other man. It squeezed screams out of him, fierce shrieks that sat me back blinking and worrying. He grabbed for his cock. I snatched it from him and didn't even have to work it. Just my holding it set it to rippling like a snail belly, great globs bursting out of him as he roared so loud he scattered pheasants from a nearby bush.

Seeing him like that almost had me going to church. I could

have been eating locoweed the things he was spunking inside me. I lunged for his neck and face and licked up his splattered load as if it was holy. It was holy by then. I licked him head to boot, hugging him and caressing him as he lay there breathing out of control, the last spurt down my throat and his mind a million miles away as he blew deep and hard. It took him a long time before he could gulp and settle into hooting and puffing, and by the time he sighed and chuckled, I had my head in his lap and was watching the stars.

Hawk pointed to the northwest horizon and told me under there was a cluster of seven stars that came into the sky in spring. I knew the ones he meant, and he told me the story of a squaw who bore seven puppies and, to hide her shame, chased them into the sky where they became those seven stars. I wondered if maybe people became stars when they died, and Hawk looked at me as if there was no other possibility.

Hawk pulled out his knife. "We should be blood brothers." I watched as he cut a circle in his hand and the blood eased out.

"This circle will be our sacred symbol. Only something special to our moment can be sacred, something only we can share, I have never cut a circle in this hand before."

I offered him my hand and watched him, holding my teeth as he cut another circle there. He raised my hand next to his so we could see them both bleeding in the moonlight. He explained again that only I had my blood and only he had his, so our sharing it was sacred. We pressed the two circles together and looking into each other's eyes, held our hands that way for a long time, even after the bleeding stopped. I still have the scar.

Hawk did not feel sparks inside him at the sight of me. I was too pale even if I was as tan as any other cowboy can get, so we left it at blood brothers. As for Darren, he saddled up with Jim. It turns out Jim was trying all along to break us apart, and he knew Hawk would do the trick. Darren and I are still best friends, but we never again lied each other up after that full moon. There was just no trusting it anymore. □



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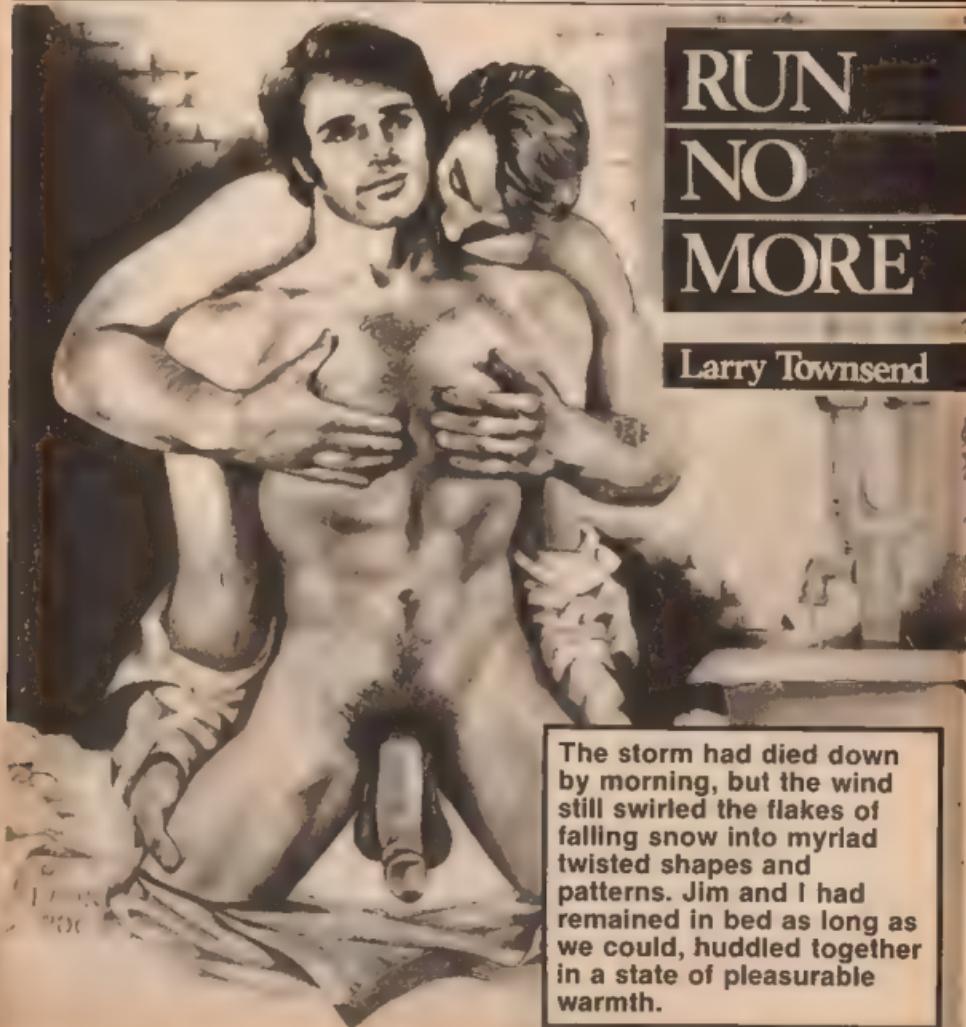
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CHAPTER 11



RUN NO MORE

Larry Townsend

The storm had died down by morning, but the wind still swirled the flakes of falling snow into myriad twisted shapes and patterns. Jim and I had remained in bed as long as we could, huddled together in a state of pleasurable warmth.

We had slept soundly once we finally drifted off, and had not awakened until the sound of Alfred's puttering about the house had penetrated our private life-space. Despite the high level of underlying sensuality, it was not sexual desire which kept us from moving. Even in retrospect I find it difficult to reconcile all I really felt. In essence it was love... pure and simple. For the first time in my life I was experiencing all the emotions and mingled desires of which that classic syndrome is comprised.

When we finally did get up, dressed and went into the kitchen, we were still touching each other at every opportunity and when we sat at the table our eyes continued to meet in an endless exchange of glances. For the most part, Alfred kept quiet, although he would have to have been blind not to see what had happened. His remark the night before had said as much, but he recognized the situation for what it was and respected it. Unlike Kurt, he was not inclined to a cynical attitude; and if anything, I think he was completely sympathetic.

Yet, for all the wealth of strong, positive feelings...despite the newly established bond between myself and Jim, the old man's quiet acceptance...there remained several areas of uncertainty. Not the least of these was Bert. Due to arrive whenever the plow came through to clear the road, his imminent presence cast a certain pall over my budding romance. It was not necessarily adverse, but Jim had not explained enough to still my rising anxiety. I tried not to think about it as I sat beside the one person toward whom I had ever felt this frantic attachment; but Bert would be with us soon and I knew he would see immediately how conditions stood.

Instead of questioning Jim, which would have been the simplest and most logical course, I held my concern inside and tried to reason it out for myself. If it had been anyone else whom I might visualize as a potential rival, especially a former lover, I would have been ready to fight him, to compete on whatever level was necessary to retain Jim's affection. But I did not see Bert as an intruder; instead, I had an inexplicably cordial feeling toward him. Finally, I wanted to ask and the question formed itself in my mind: What's the real story between you and Bert? But I couldn't quite put it that way, nor could I think of any other way to say it. Alfred's being in the room didn't help the situation; at least, I used this as my excuse to say nothing.

We had finished eating rolls with cheese, butter and jam, and were sipping our third or fourth cup of coffee when Jim partially answered my unphrased question. He placed his hand on top of mine and squeezed it. "Worried about Bert?" he asked softly. "No need, you know."

"I...I'm not exactly worried," I answered uncertainly. "I just...don't want to lose you. Now that I've found you..."

Jim flashed a warm, supportive smile. "You found me a long time ago, but you didn't know it," he said. "If you feel toward Bert as I think you must, then there isn't any problem. Believe me, Wayne," he added seriously, and his fingers tightened about my hand. "Believe me, there isn't any problem at all. Bert and I...we are like one person in many ways...not to the outside world, but between ourselves. I was jealous of you last summer, and it was largely to spare my feelings that Bert sent you here the first time. But we have spoken about it at length, and now...feeling as I do toward you yourself...Well, there simply isn't anything to worry about."

I assumed he was proposing some kind of threeway relationship, though just how all the pieces were going to fit escaped me. I was willing to accept his judgment, however, and while I still remained confused I did cease to worry. Jim's assurance came as a soothing balm upon a minor wound. Everything was going to be all right. Jim would not be taken

from me, and I need not be concerned about Bert's reaction. With these two important points resolved, I felt my tension fade away.

The snow stopped falling by eleven or so, and Alfred hoisted himself outside, through the trapdoor on the south side of the cottage. Both Jim and I offered to go with him, but he told us not to bother. "I must feed the chickens, and I will pass a few scuttles of coal in to you," he said. "Stay inside where it's warm." A couple of hours later, the plow truck made its way up the mountainside.

Bert was with them, as we'd expected. When I heard his voice outside I experienced a momentary grip of apprehension in my guts, but Jim smiled at me and shook his head. He seemed attuned to my innermost thoughts. "Nothing to worry about," he whispered.

When the front doorway was finally cleared, my uncle was the first to enter. I had expected a more or less cheery greeting, and was surprised when Bert appeared with a very restrained expression on his face. It had nothing to do with the situation between Jim and myself, obviously. Even my uncle's perceptive abilities could not have forewarned him of that. "What's wrong?" I asked.

The young men from the truck were stamping their feet at the door and clumping into the house. Bert drew us into our bedroom and beckoned to Alfred to join us. The caretaker set out his platters of food and came into the room with us. Bert's expression was dead-serious as he spoke. "I took a little time in Munich," he told us, "had my agency there do a little preliminary investigating before I arrived. Edgar is in the hospital!"

I was momentarily stunned, and I think Jim must have been as well.

"How did this come about?" asked Alfred. There was no sign of emotion in his voice.

"Was...it Kurt?" I stammered.

"No, Kurt told the truth," replied my uncle. "Edgar received a telegram, ostensibly from me, though of course I didn't send it, asking him to meet me in Munich. He told Kurt he was leaving and to let the rest of you know."

"But is he all right?" I asked.

My uncle nodded and motioned with his hand that I should be patient. "He will be on his feet again in a day or so," Bert continued. "Let me give it to you in its proper sequence, but there is no cause for alarm...not as far as Eddie's eventual recovery is concerned." He paused, to make sure we all accepted this. "All right, he got a telegram and from the timing of it he assumed I had sent it shortly after arriving in the city...that instead of taking the plane as I'd planned, I had discovered something and was going to wait for him. He took the next train...almost had to run to catch it, so he had no time to do more than leave the message with Kurt. He arrived in Munich about dusk and took a cab to the restaurant where I had supposedly told him to meet me. It was dark by the time he got there, and the place was down a small alley off the street...one of those old bistros in the Schwabing district. It was snowing and there wasn't a soul on the street. Eddie got out of the cab and started down the alley. A young man intercepted him before he reached the door and lured him past it, into the darkened back area."

"He was set upon by three or four thugs and very badly beaten, though again...as with you and Jim in London," he added with a nod in my direction, "they did not appear to be intent on killing him...just wanted to put the expert out of action. Eddie, being a good-sized man, put up a considerable struggle and the row attracted the attention of some patrons leaving the restaurant. They called the police, and the thugs fled out the other end of the alley, leaving Eddie where he fell."

"At first the doctors thought he had suffered some serious

internal injuries, and they kept him sedated to ease the pain. This was the reason for his not contacting anyone here. They had notified the American Legion, who in turn informed Eddie's family in New Hampshire. That was the only identification he had on his person. No one knew to inform us.

"My agency people in Munich located him almost immediately when I telephoned before leaving London, and I visited him before taking the train to come here. He is still rather doped up, from the look of him, but the attending physician assured me it is only a matter of internal bruises...not a ruptured spleen or serious hemorrhaging as they had feared at first."

"Did he have any idea who did it, or why?" Jim asked.

Bert shook his head. "Not the foggiest...no more than you or I."

"Well, it's pretty obvious it must have some connection with all the mess we've got up here," I insisted. "Here, and in London."

"I think that is very probable," Bert agreed. "And I would suppose our next task is to establish exactly what that connection might be." He bent down and opened his suitcase. "I've brought the plaque," he continued as he fumbled through the contents. He stood up, finally, holding a discolored piece of metal in his hands. It was a miniature shield, or crest, with the figure of winged dragon on the front and crossed swords behind it, tiny fragments of a wooden base adhering to the edges.

"Well, that's fine with me," said Jim. His voice was tight with anger, and I had felt his body start to tremble at Kurt's remark. "It's time Wayne and I were in bed, anyway." He said this harshly, obviously intending it as a dagger. "Goodnight," he added, directing this last toward Bert and Alfred. He had gotten to his feet as he spoke, and I now rose to stand beside him.

"Sleep well," said Bert. He seemed not at all concerned, although it must now have been obvious to everyone in the room that something more than sleep was motivating our early withdrawal.

Once in bed, Jim and I lay close in each other's arms. We started whispering together, and finally lapsed into a fit of giggling laughter. Jim's anger had subsided as quickly as it came. Strange enough, though, we were inhibited by the situation in the other room. Neither of us spoke in anything approaching a normal tone of voice, and we were concerned that not so much as the squeak of a bedspring should be heard by the others. After some time, Jim slipped under the covers and nibbled at my teats...ran his tongue down the side of my chest, tickling me and making me laugh until I had tears running down my cheeks. He wouldn't stop, and I couldn't push him off me. We wrestled and thrashed about until we must surely have been audible in the kitchen. Of a sudden, Jim dropped his mouth upon my semi-stiffened cock, and the unexpected surge of feeling made me drop back, silent and mesmerized by the unexpected pressure of his lips.

As he worked on me, the sensations rose in a flood of such ecstatic strength I became all but delirious. He sucked and pulled and kneaded, forced my cockhead far down his throat, held it there while the waves of warmth and pleasure rose to engulf me. He kept it up, pressing down with his lips pulled across his teeth, sometimes with them bared to scrape lightly along the sides of my shaft. He ran his tongue about the crown and poked the tip inside the hole. He held my balls in his hands and caressed them, twisted them until I almost shouted because I anticipated the pain. But pain never came. He released them, and a fresh rush of euphoric pleasure rose through my body. He was obviously not going to stop. I lay back again, closing my eyes and letting the tide of climax rise

and fall...never quite achieved, yet never far removed.

His hands were sliding up and down the length of my thighs, his shoulders resting on my groin, his head tipped downward so the top of it rested on my stomach. I placed both hands on him, idly twirled my fingers through his hair and played with his ears. Jim went back on his haunches, rising so the comforter made a tent above the bed. He started pumping his face against my loins, riding from tip to base, exhaling so the heat of his lungs cascaded down the hard, distended sheath. He seemed to be adoring it, worrying it...then worshiping it...kneeling in the space between my legs and working on me with a studied pace, prolonging the final moment until I could not hold back any longer.

I warned him by rolling my hips and lunging against him. But he wanted me to come. He didn't stop or slow himself, nor did he position his body to permit my reaching into his groin. I moaned and dropped my arms to either side, let my head collapse upon the pillow as my passions rose toward the ultimate peak. I tightened and twisted in the throes of climax and I hurled bolt after bolt of streaming essence inside of him. He'd backed off by then, holding just the cockhead in his mouth, exciting me past the edge of endurance by caressing the highly sensitized membranes of the crown with his tongue. He plunged down again, just as the final surge exploded from the base of my cock, and for several seconds the wild sensation became more than I could bear. I grabbed his head and forced him off, held him away as he strained to take my rod again. I'd turned onto my side, bent double as I wrestled with him, struggling to keep him away until both of us started laughing again.

He returned to my arms and our lips pressed tightly together. He kissed me, rolling his tongue onto mine and returning my own come from his mouth...snowballing, I think they call it. He had held it all, shared it with me as our lips formed an impenetrable seal. Afterwards, he refused to let me do him. He wanted to sleep with me, he said, with his desire fully intact...to see if he could make it through the night without raping me. We laughed again at that, but I acceded to his wishes and we finally fell asleep with our bodies entwined, arms and legs locking us tightly together. The voices of the others droned on from the other room, but no one spoke loudly enough for me to understand.

I have no idea how much later it was when I awoke. My heart was racing, and I seemed to remember a thudding sound. I lifted my head from the pillow, trying not to disturb Jim, whose deep-drawn breaths indicated he was still asleep. I could hear someone moving about, but there was no sound of voices. I kept listening for several minutes, trying to picture what might be going on. Curiosity got the better of me, and I eased free of him, who had partially dropped away from me in sleep. I took Alfred's old bathrobe from the foot of the bed, wrapped it around me and shoved my feet into an ice-cold pair of slippers.

The door to Bert's room stood open, and I could just make out the flat surface of the mattress. He wasn't there. I tiptoed down the hall...why, I couldn't have explained. Something seemed to command my stealth. The door to the kitchen was ajar, and I could see Alfred rooting through the contents of a bottom drawer. At length he found what he was after...three batteries which he dumped into the tube of his flashlight. He tested the light and shoved the drawer closed. I followed after him, as soon as he had entered his bedroom and moved out of direct sight.

I saw him pull on a jacket and approach the open trap door beside his bed. The whole procedure seemed very strange, and with suspicion rife in every quarter I did not call out to ask what he was doing. Instead, I hurried back to my own room and shook Jim awake. I explained as I started pulling on my clothes, and Jim was dressed almost as soon as I. We raced

to the back of the house and scrambled down the ladder, neither of us having the slightest idea why we were doing it, or what we hoped to accomplish by not calling out to Alfred, whose flashlight beam showed from around the distant corner.

"I have examined the piece closely," Bert continued, "and there does appear to be a kind of cipher etched onto the reverse." He carried it into the brighter light by the window and held it out for the rest of us to see. "All along here." He pointed to the flat portion along the edge of the figure, an inch wide flange about the complete perimeter on the backside. There appeared to be a series of numbers, interspersed with arrows pointing in a seemingly random order toward the four points of the compass. "I confess I have not been able to interpret it," Bert went on, "but I'm quite certain the key to our mystery is here if we are able to decipher it."

"I think we've got to assume we're looking for some sort of hidden chamber," I suggested. "And if we are, this must tell how to find it."

"Or how to open it," Jim added.

"Most likely both," said Bert. "Alfred, would you care to venture a guess?" He handed the plaque to the caretaker and all three of us watched as he turned it over and examined it carefully from every angle. Finally he sighed and gave it back to Bert.

"I must apologize," he said sheepishly, "but... you will excuse me a moment. I must fetch a glass." He started toward the door "Old age," he added, pointing a finger at his eyes.

When Alfred returned with his magnifying glass, we clustered together and examined the markings. Despite a good deal of discussion, we were not able to arrive at any reasonable conclusions. Jim and I were both entranced with the prospect of finding the hidden treasure, which both of us were sure must be hidden in the castle. We persuaded the

others to accompany us and hurried through the underground passageway to the vault.

After a considerable expenditure of energy, tapping at walls and trying to measure thicknesses, even Jim and I were ready to give up. "I do think it's logical, though, that the hiding place has to be somewhere closer to the spot where the crest was hanging," I insisted.

"Unless it was moved sometime during the ages past," Bert replied.

"More to the point, I think," added Jim, "is whether that code was scratched on there by the Nazis... which means they actually created the hiding place, or whether they found the plaque like we did and merely figured it out."

"The Nazis may have had nothing whatever to do with it," I argued. "The plaque could have been there right along, and the secret might have been centuries old without the Nazis even suspecting."

"No, that also occurred to me," said Bert thoughtfully. "We did a little analysis of the grime and wood particles imbedded in the design... did this before I left London. My chemist's conclusion was that the etchings were probably not more than thirty-two years old... carbon fourteen test," he added to me. "Takes that long to lose the extra pair of electrons. If you remember your courses in atomic structure..."

"How old is the plaque, then?" I asked.

"No way to tell for sure, but I'm inclined to accept it as a genuine artifact... probably been in the castle since the days of the original owner."

In the end, we gave up and returned to the cottage. Alfred showed the ghost mechanism to Bert, who examined it carefully on the kitchen table. "I would imagine it can be activated either by an electronic signal, else by a mechanical goad on this lever." He pointed to the same knob which Alfred had pushed with the broom handle during our

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previous trial. Ingenious, Bert remarked. Small enough to be easily concealed in someone's pocket...certainly not the work of an amateur. There are several parts that must have been machined on some extremely sophisticated, expensive equipment."

"I just can't figure why anyone would be that interested in making us see a ghost," I objected. "What the fuck's the point of the whole thing?"

"To get us out of the way," returned Jim.

"Shit! There's easier ways."

"No, I think Jim is probably close to the truth," Bert agreed. "I don't know if I can buy your romantic ideas about buried treasure, but I'm certain this entire hoax has been perpetrated with the single purpose of getting us booted out of the castle. Someone wants the freedom to get in there, possibly tear the place apart, without taking a chance of being discovered or having the damage noticed before he gets what he's after."

"But what did they think we were going to do when we saw the stupid thing?" I argued. "Pick up our skirts and run screaming out of the place like a bunch of nelly fluffs?"

Bert started to laugh, tried to hold back and finally had to let it out. "No, although I must admit the spectacle would be almost extraordinary enough to be worth the effort." He continued to chuckle for another minute or so, then sobered as he continued. "I would suspect the original intent was twofold. First, to create just enough interest in the castle that the government would... pardon me, Alfred, but I think this may well be the way they planned it. I consider it most likely that they foresaw Alfred's being replaced, probably by a young man...a man of their own choosing." Bert seemed uncomfortable in suggesting this, but Alfred simply nodded in agreement with him.

"And the second part of their intent?" asked the caretaker.

"The second point was to draw me out of London, and give

those thugs a free rein in my house. And had it not been for Wayne'soinopportune arrival, they might very well have come and gone before anyone was the wiser."

"Except the plaque wasn't there for them to find," I reminded him.

"And this points to an accomplice among our own group," concluded Jim.

"It points to an accomplice within our greater group," Bert corrected him. "Remember, there are a fair number of people who know and participate in our activities. Any one of them would have the knowledge to make the arrangements."

"All of which lets Kurt off the hook," I said.

"Let's say it eliminates him as the sole suspect," Bert replied. "Remember, there was a limited number of people who knew I had the crest."

I wasn't sure, but I thought I caught a fleeting glance...Bert's eyes flicking quickly in Alfred's direction.

Bert had left a note on Kurt's door before coming up from the village, telling him he was back and asking him to join us after the daily ski classes. We discussed whether or not to tell him all that we'd discovered, and mostly due to Alfred's insistence it was agreed to hold back nothing. To this point, of course, Kurt was not even aware of our finding the mechanism, much less the markings on the plaque.

Once the decision was made, I found it easy to reconcile. Kurt had been a friend and a companion to all of us and had shared in everything else. Except for the unfortunate episode on the slope, there was no reason to suspect him...no more reason than there might be to suspect anyone else. More urgent in my own mind, once these other matters were temporarily settled, was the puzzle of my triangular relationship with Jim and my uncle. There had been several obvious contacts between us during the course of the afternoon, and I am sure Bert could not have failed to note

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the moonstruck gaze which occasionally characterized either my own or my newfound lover's expression.

Bert made no response—certainly no verbal comment—to any of it. If anything, he seemed placidly aware and accepting, and once he had unburdened his store of news he was more than usually expansive. He had brought a bottle of good Scotch in his suitcase, and we did a pretty fair job on it before Kurt arrived to join us.

Bert and Alfred went through an explanation of all we had previously discussed, and the only noticeable expression on Kurt's features appeared when he realized the time sequence between the old man's discovery and our visit to his room. I think he almost asked us why we hadn't told him, but he seemed to change his mind before he could get the words out. It occurred to me to make some kind of excuse, but the truth would not have soothed any injured feelings; and what else could I tell him? Nothing, I decided, so I also kept still.

Although the temperature dropped drastically with the fall of darkness, there was no more snow or wind. The night was so still around the cottage it gave an even greater sense of isolation than during the height of the raging blizzard the previous evening. Having satisfied ourselves that the ghost was no more, no one suggested a trip into the castle that night. Kurt went outside to throw a tarp over his cycle, but

other than this we remained talking and drinking in the kitchen until quite late. Alfred had produced a deck of cards, and we played poker.

As the hours slipped by, I began to wonder why Kurt didn't leave. Then I realized he must be totally unaware of the situation between Jim and me. *Shit! If he's still got a rod-on for me, it's going to be a hassle. He's so freaked out on himself he can't see it—need a brickbat to penetrate that...*

"Are you going to take a ride with me?" Kurt asked suddenly, looking across the table at me.

"Man, you couldn't get my ass on the back of that bike in all this ice..." I stopped short, because I could almost feel the hostility radiating from Kurt's eyes. Jim had been sitting close beside me, and my hand was resting on top of his, which in turn was lying on his thigh. Until that moment, I don't think Kurt had noticed any of the numerous hints of something going on between us. Now it must have struck him like a blast of cold air. He held several seconds in his pose of unguarded annoyance before his control tightened and he forced a bland expression to replace his scowl. He shrugged as if it all meant nothing to him. "If you are afraid..." He spread his hands, palms upward, and abruptly shifted his attention to Bert. "Perhaps I should rely on other men to require my needs," he said.

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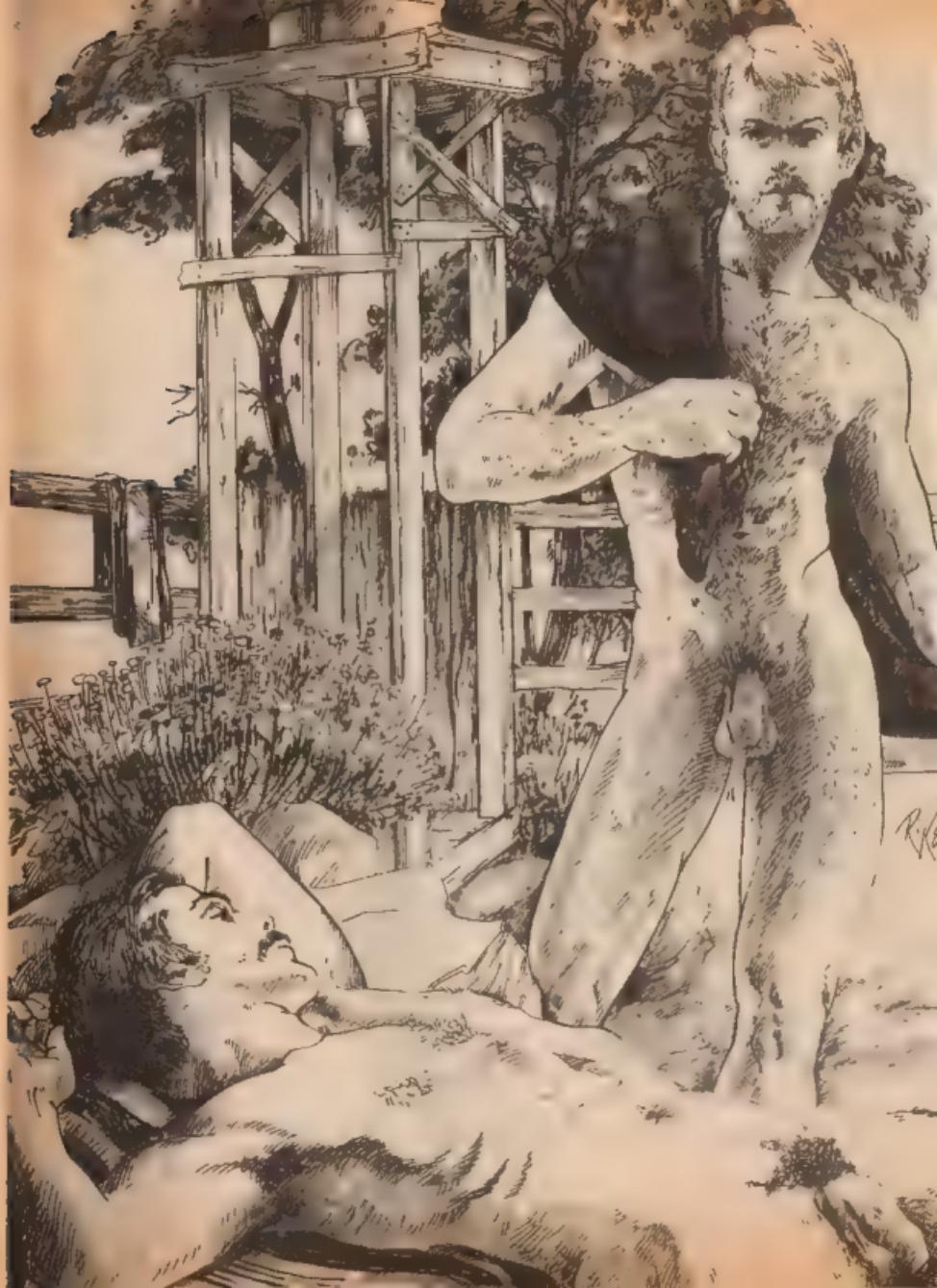
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CITY BOY

"Eat up Baby Brother, you may not get real farm cooking for another five years."

Mike just smiled at his sister and took another leg of chicken from the platter. He still couldn't get used to her calling him 'Baby Brother.' After all he was twenty-five years old and had the start of a successful law practice. But to Sue, 20 years his senior, he had always been 'Baby Brother.'

"Uncle Mike, why don't you come to see us more often?" asked ten year old Bobby. "Dad," he said turning to his father at the opposite end of the large dinner table, "why don't we go to see Uncle Mike in San Francisco next summer?"

"California is a long way from Indiana, Bobby, and I'm not going to waste what little vacation I get going to a city full of hippies." Mike looked at his brother-in-law with the same

here two days and there is still so much to talk about. How about you? You still haven't told us if you have a steady girl. When are you going to find a good girl and settle down and raise a family? You aren't getting any younger and..."

"Oh, Suzie, shut up and get the dessert. You won't be happy until every male in the world has been trapped by a woman."

"Dan," Mike thought to himself, "maybe you're not so bad after all."

As the last remnant of strawberry shortcake was disappearing from the table Mike wasn't paying too much attention to the conversation about the next door neighbor's new tractor and changes that Sue wanted to make in the layout of next year's garden. His attention was focused on Mat. His visits to

COUNTRY BOY

kind of distaste that contributed to the rarity of his visits to the only remnant of a family he had had for the past many years. "Besides," the father of his beloved nieces and nephews continued, "Mat is going to Purdue next year and that is going to take a lot of money. We won't be able to afford luxuries like long vacations."

Mike looked at 18-year-old Mat and saw anger register in his face too. Obviously the father and son did not agree on the subject of Purdue.

"Daniel, now don't get started on that subject. We don't want to bore Baby Brother with our little problems. I'm just so glad that that conference brought you to Indianapolis so you could visit us for a while. But I really don't see why you have to rush off back to California tomorrow. You have only been

the farm were infrequent enough but he and Sue had maintained a lively correspondence and he thought he knew his nieces and nephews as well as if he had been there. But Mat had been a surprise. The gangling adolescent he remembered with freckles, a cowlick, big ears, and a cracking voice was gone. Now the boy who sat across the table from him was a handsome young man who would drive them nuts down on Castro Street. And as that thought entered his mind Mat looked at him and smiled broadly.

"...but why should he want to go to a meeting with a bunch of kids..." Sue was saying.

"Why not let him decide for himself," Mat said. "Uncle Mike, do you want to come to my FFA initiation with me?"

"Mike coughed and sprayed his mouthful of coffee across the table where Bobby began to laugh and his mother made

By Fleidermaus

frantic movements to wipe up the sprayed liquid. "Mat is president of the Future Farmers and tonight they are initiating new members," she said as she cleaned up the coffee, "but I can't see why a grown man would want..."

Mike just returned Mat's grin and interrupted his sister, "Sis, you're always calling me Baby Brother so don't tell me that I should behave like a grown man. I haven't seen nearly enough of my oldest nephew. I'd be delighted to join him at an FFA initiation."

After dinner Mike knocked on the door to Mat's room and the youth called for him to enter. Mat sat on the edge of the bed lacing up his work boots and Mike admired silently the new growth of reddish blonde hair that was sprouting on the broad chest. "I stopped to ask what I should wear. But I guess I can see what appropriate."

"Yeah," Mat said grabbing the checked flannel shirt hanging on the bed post and putting it on. "Those worn levis, boots and flannel shirts you've been wearing since you got here will be just right." He tucked the tail of his shirt into his own tight levis and smiled at his uncle again. "I didn't know they wore these 'farm clothes' in the big city. How did you get your levis so worn?"

"We like to be comfortable there too," he said avoiding a more complete answer. "I'll go shower and put on a fresh shirt and join you downstairs."

Mike was just pulling up his levis when Mat knocked at the door then burst into the room without waiting for an answer. "Mr. Gwinn just called. He is down at Bedford with a judging team. They were supposed to be back before dinner but the truck broke down and they can't get it fixed for two more hours. There is no way he can make it back in time for the meeting. He said there can't be an initiation without an adult present and he wants me to postpone it. But I told him that there would be an adult present, my uncle from California, who is a lawyer at that. It took a lot of convincing but he said it would be alright with him if you're willing to be our chaperone. Please say it's OK. Dad's talking to him on the phone now; I'll holler down and let them know you said yes, OK?"

"OK," Mike said, "but... but." But the "but" went unheard as Mat ran to the stairs and hollered down to his father.

"I don't know why he made such a big deal of it," Mat said returning to Mike's room. "The meeting is over at Hank Ottery's farm and whenever we meet there Mr. Gwinn spends the whole evening in the house talking to Hank's granddad about the 'good old days.'" Mike was just slipping on a clean flannel shirt when Mat asked, "How did you get to be in such good shape? Your chest and arms look like you pitch manure for a living."

"I do," Mike said with a chuckle, "and the prosecuting attorney is usually pitching it faster than I do." Mat made a noise and Mike continued, "I try to work out with weights at least twice a week. And I jog every morning. What's the matter, you country kids think you have a monopoly on health and exercise?"

"Nope, Unk." Mike said snatching Mike's red handkerchief off the bed. "Just suck this in your right pocket and let's get going." It wasn't until Mike followed his nephew down the stairs and noticed the red bandana barely sticking out of his left pocket that he began to wonder about all sorts of things.

The Ottery farm was just down the road and the trip there took only minutes the way Mat drove the pickup. Once there they entered the barn and joined several other boys ranging in age from about 15 to 18. All of the boys except four wore the same kind of blue corduroy jacket that Mat did. On the back bore a huge blue and gold emblem of the Future Farmers of America and the name of their town and state. On the front, over the left hand breast pocket was the boy's name embroidered in gold thread. Mike was introduced by Mat

and the uncle was pleased to hear the pride in his nephew's voice as this was done. Mat identified the four without jackets as the ones to be initiated and then motioned to a bale of hay and suggested that Mike sit and watch.

All except Mat sat on bales of hay around the barn and Mat stood at the front and ran the meeting. They talked about the progress of the crops some of the boys had entered in a competition and they talked about the results of the last judging contest. Then they argued over who had been stuck doing the most work at their recent car wash. Finally Mat announced that their formal business meeting was over and the initiation could begin.

Mike had been studying the four initiates throughout the meeting. He was not into chicken, but if he had been he would have liked these four. All were solid built kids with pleasant faces and hair that ranged from brownish blonde to nearly black. The kids moved the bales of hay into a large circle and left the four standing in the center with Mat. Mike sat further back out of the circle, almost in the shadows. He didn't want the kids to be intimidated by the presence of a stranger. Mat used strips of a feed sack to blindfold all four of the boys and then ordered them to strip off their shirts and pants.

The boys stripped down to their jockeys and Mat told them to stop, and to stand in a line. Since the boys couldn't see they had to feel about for each other to get in a straight line and there were many giggles from the audience as they tried to do this. One of the fellows brought up a basket and Mat went into a long speech about how farmers are responsible for feeding the world and therefore must know all about all of the foods eaten everywhere in the world. He said that in much of the world people were so hungry that they had to eat worms. So these future farmers could appreciate how terrible this would be if they were now each going to eat six worms. Mat ordered each blindfolded boy to take a worm from the bowl he held before them and eat it. The first boy put his hand into the bowl and froze. Then he exclaimed that they were slimy and felt terrible but he pulled one from the bowl and rapidly put it in his mouth. Mike could see him nearly turn green from where he sat. The next boy shuddered as he reached into the bowl and waited a long time before popping the slimy strand he held in his hand into his mouth. The rest of the boys goaded him on with jeers while he hesitated. The third initiate grabbed a worm quickly and popped it in his mouth and swallowed. He obviously thought it wiser to get the whole thing over with as soon as possible. The fourth boy stuck his fingers into the bowl then withdrew them and refused to take a worm. The rest of the boys flew into an uproar, they jeered and shouted and cursed him but he stood with arms folded and jaws clenched. Finally three of the larger youths grabbed him and while he struggled wildly they forced his mouth open and Mat dropped a strand in. They closed his mouth and tried to hold it shut but when he started to vomit they let him up to go off to a corner and lose the worm and his dinner as well.

Mike wondered if he was shirking his duty as the adult chaperone to allow what he had just seen but he knew that a few earthworms wouldn't hurt anyone. A woman in California last year had even won a prize for her Earthworm Surprise Cake. Mike had always wondered with earthworm as a part of the title what could the Surprise be? The fact that her prize was awarded by the American Association of Worm Farms was perhaps a damper on the whole thing, but it was ample evidence that eating worms would not be fatal or even debilitating.

When the fourth boy had regained his composure and agreed that he still wanted to go on with the initiation Mat explained how farmers must know and understand animals well. To prove that they really understood animals the four

initiates must demonstrate how various animals act. One by one the boys had to act out a chicken scratching for feed, a pig wallowing in the mud, a dog scratching fleas and a pig rooting in the dirt. Mat told the biggest of the four to get down on his hands and knees and be a cow. Mat was talking about the cow describing each of her attributes, he talked about her udder and looked under the boy then looked up with a puzzled look on his face. She doesn't have an udder he pointed out and then pulled the boy's jockey shorts down to his knees and looked again. Yes sir it was just as he had thought, the udder was there alright but it had been covered when he looked before. But this was still a weird cow because it had only one teat. He pulled down the jockey shorts on the other three and announced to all that they had a whole herd of one teated cows.

Mat then began a lecture on the history of farming. Mike wondered what was going on but he was fascinated by the way his nephew was manipulating the entire situation. He wondered how much was due to careful planning and rehearsal and how much was improvisation. And he began to wonder how much of it was primarily for his benefit.

Mat was talking about how early farmers had to get up very early every morning to milk their cows by hand and he invited four volunteer farmers from the audience to come forward and demonstrate how hand milking was done. Four of the oldest boys jumped up and came forward. They knelt beside the naked boys and each took a cock in their hands and began to milk it. Mat continued with his lecture about farm modernization and one of the boys brought out a milking machine. Mat made the four naked boys stand and everyone laughed at the sight of their now hard cocks. The hand job had, as was obviously intended, aroused them all. Under Mat's direction the four suction cups of the milking machine were attached to the four exposed hard cocks and it was turned on. The four young boys were groaning in pleasure and the crowd around them was urging them on. All eyes were fixed on the four transparent tubes leading from the sheaths over the boys' cocks and all were waiting for the "milk" to come. When the first boy came and a spurt of milky white fluid passed down the tubes a cheer went up from the group. After three more cheers, many yell's, shouts and laughs, the four naked boys were disconnected from the machine and welcomed into the club.

As the party broke up Mike could see that many of the guys had hardons under their levis and Mat was among them. Mike wondered what his nephew's cock looked like. In Mike's dictionary, 18 was no longer chicken. It was eligible meat. But not his own nephew!

Most of the guys left and Mat stayed to help Hank clean the place up. Mike mentioned the time and Hank started and said he had to go in to help his mother get his grandfather to bed.

"That was quite a show, Mat," Mike said when they were alone. "And I was really impressed by the way you handled it."

Mat took one more look around to make sure everything was cleaned up then turned off most of the lights in the barn. "Thanks, Unk," he said. "I had a feeling you might enjoy watching the 'kid's stuff'."

When Mat had turned off the lights Mike had started for the door but Mat didn't follow. He just stood in the stream of moonlight coming in through a loft window and leaned lazily against a post. Mike looked at his nephew's little body and swallowed the lump in his throat. "I did," he said slowly walking back towards Mat, "I almost wish that I could join the FFA."

A broad grin spread across Mat's face. He reached out and gripped his uncle's shoulders and pulled him towards him. "Why Unk," he said reaching behind the older man's back

and rubbing his hand over the tight levi pocket that held the red handkerchief, and over the tight ass beneath. "I figured that you were already a member of the FFA."

Mike shoved his hips forward and the hard bulge in the front of his levis rubbed against the similar bulge in his nephew's. "I am," he said. "But not the same FFA."

Mat pulled his uncle tightly against him. Their lips met and Mike felt the youth's tongue probe into his mouth. At first he resisted, then he surrendered and let the boy do what he wanted. "I know perfectly well which FFA," Mat said when they broke from their kiss. "I may be a farm boy but I am not a huck. As he spoke he unbuckled Mike's shirt and pulled it free from his levis. "I've been making it with guys for years and last year a cop over at the truck stop showed me how to get more pleasure out of a fist than by slugging a guy." Mike sighed as Mat's fingers danced lightly across his hairy chest and came to rest on his now erect nipples. The fingers pinched and kneaded at the willing flesh. Slightly painful, delightfully painful. "I've been to Indianapolis lots of times since then and have managed to turn a trick every time. I've even gotten to Chicago twice. Once for a judging trip and once for the livestock show. Both times I slipped out at night and went to the Gold Coast. That was something else! I just wish I could get to the Mine Shaft."

Mike unbuckled his nephew's shirt and began to play with his nipples as well. "Forgive me," he said. "You are definitely not a huck. But how in hell do you know about the Mine Shaft?"

Mat was stroking the length of his uncle's hard cock under the faded denim and began to work open the buttons to get that denim out of the way. "I read the *Advocate, Drummer, Mandate* and everything else I can get my hands on at a friend's house. I also know why my big city uncle always has a red handkerchief in his pocket. 'Beautiful!' he said gripping Mike's long, thick cock in one hand and his huge balls in the other. "Unk, I'm proud to have this in the family."

Mike shoved Mat's levis down around his ankles and imitated his nephew's grip. "It looks like we've got similar genes," he said, running his fingers along the hard shaft of his nephew's cock. "I may be a little thicker, but you're longer. And you didn't get robbed," he said skinning the foreskin back from Mat's throbbing red cockhead.

Mat moaned as the fingers played with his hard rod and he put his head back against the post and closed his eyes. Mike leaned forward and began to lick at the firm nipples surrounded by new-grown chest hair. The boy's hands pushed his head lower and lower until he was lapping the tip of the long cock.

Suddenly Mat pushed Mike away and pulled up his pants. Mike was confused but then Mat's fingers encircled the balls still protruding from Mike's fly and tugged none too gently. Mike allowed himself to be led up into the hay loft to an area where some blankets had been spread. And when he saw the carefully positioned Crisco can and towels his jaw dropped in amazement. "You had this all planned!" he said.

"Unk," Mat said, as he stripped off his clothes, "I've been thinking of making it with you for two years. And when you got here the other day I knew I was going to do it! Now shut up and get your clothes off."

Hours later they dressed and drove back to Mat's. But they didn't go in. Instead they sat on the old swing hanging from the limb of a huge oak in the front yard. They looked at the stars in the cloudless sky and they talked, they savored the warmth of each other's bodies, the smells of their sweat and the hay and the recent sex. They kissed long and deeply before they went in and each went, reluctantly, to his own bedroom.

"My goodness you fellows were late getting back last night!" Sue said. "I just can't get to sleep until I know the kids

are home safe. So I stayed up until I heard the truck drive in. It must have been 12:30!"

"We got to talking," Mike said around a mouthful of pancake. He was glad she had not noticed how long it was between the time the truck had pulled in and the time they had gone to their rooms. He was also glad that he had overslept and was eating alone after Dan and Mat and the other kids had gone out to do their chores. He wanted the opportunity to talk to his sister alone. "Mat told me about Purdue," he said.

"Daniel has always planned on him going to Purdue," she said. "There has never been any question of it in his mind since Mat was born."

"But Mat doesn't want to go to Purdue," Mike said. "He isn't even sure that he wants to go to college. He's a big boy now, Sir, you shouldn't make him go just because Dan wants his son to bed a Purdue man."

The expression on her face was one of pure pain. "I know that," she said. "But what else is there to do? You know how Daniel is. If Mat stays here instead of going away to college his father will never let up on him. Life will be miserable for all of us, not just Mat. Mat has got to go to college, just to get him away from here for a while."

"I agree that he has to get away from Dan until he can decide for himself what he wants to do with his life. But he doesn't have to go to college. He could get a job for a year or two. And he could be earning money to help with the expenses if he does opt for higher education."

"But that's just it," she said plowing wearily into the chair opposite her "baby brother." "I've been over it in my head a hundred times. I agree that Mat should get a job for a year or so until he makes up his mind what he wants to do. But how and where? He can't stay near or Daniel will be riding him constantly. And he can't afford to go off on his own and I'm not about to let a son of mine take

off for some strange place without someone to keep tabs on him! So he's just going to have to go to Purdue next year and I hope he decides he likes it."

"He doesn't have to," Mike said. "He can come out to the coast and live with me. I'd love to have him and that would solve all of your problems. And you would have someone to keep tabs on him, your own flesh and blood instead of some college dean. What do you say? Will you talk to Dan and get him to agree to it?"

She didn't speak. She just hugged him and kissed him.

Mike was folding the last of his shirts into the suitcase when he heard the bedroom door latch behind him. He turned to find Mat leaning against the inside of the door and grinning like a Cheshire cat. "You did it!" he said. "I don't know how, but you did it! Dad just told me that if I wanted to I could go live with you for a year until I make up my mind about college." Mat stepped forward and gave Mike a firm bear hug. "Thanks Uncle. Thanks a whole hell of a lot for a lot of things."

"I had to lie to your mother," Mike said.

Mat looked puzzled. "Huh?" he asked.

"I had to tell her that I would be keeping tabs on you. Looking after you. Keeping you in line." He hugged the youth to him and whispered into his ear. "I think I was lying. I think that it is going to be the country hick keeping tabs on the big city lawyer."

Mat rubbed his fist hard into his uncle's crotch. "There, Councillor, you are absolutely correct." He broke away quickly and turned around. "I ran into town this morning and bought something just for you," he said pointing at the black handkerchief hanging out of his left rear pocket. "Do you like it?"

Mike just stared and felt his cock throbbing as he pulled a similar handkerchief from his suitcase and stuck it into his right pocket. "Yes, Sir!" he said. "I like it very much."

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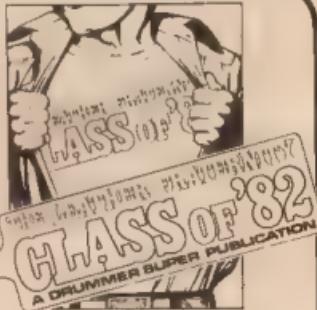
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COWBOYS (MANZINI)

My Brother In Leather

The man I respect above all others is not my brother by blood. Better—he is my brother in leather. He did not demand that I respect him. He simply was and is a man in every timbre of the word. There are many ways to be a man among men. I can only say here what he is to me and what I see him to be for others. He shows faith in the men he is among. This urges them to rise to that faith. He measures his trust in them. This encourages them to earn and keep that trust secure. When he is displeased, he is not too hesitant, nor too quick, to inform you. Likewise, when he is pleased he lets you know in special ways. He takes good care of himself and his property with little or no dependence on anyone. He expects the same of other men. Yet he will not take advantage of a man already downed, and will—if the situation warrents—give enough support and substance to the man to hearten and inspire a renewed strength from within. Yes, he has done that for me—and more important here: he has done that for the men he chooses to walk with and call "friend".

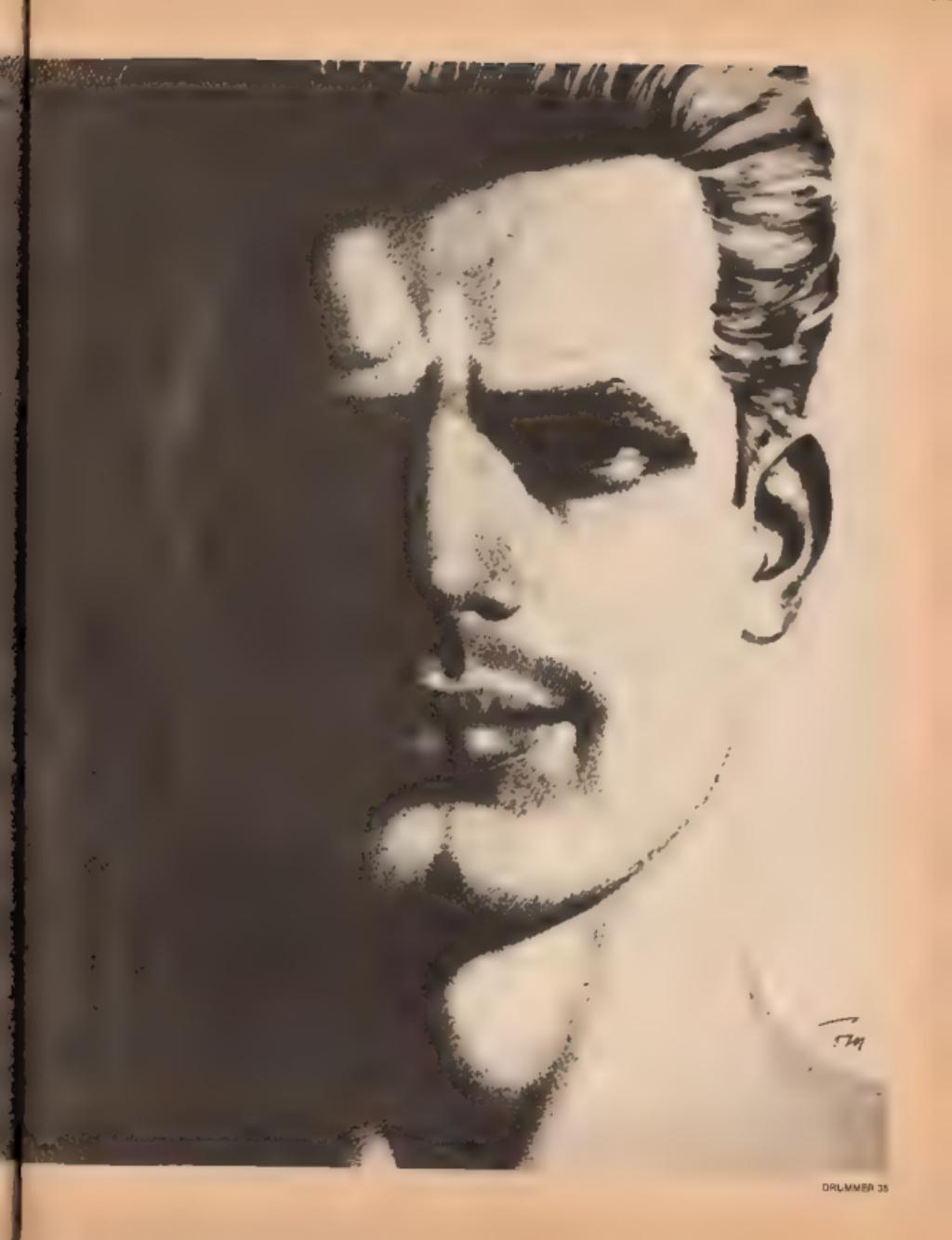
He is particular, specific and precise in his dealings with all men in all ways. He does not expect or require that anyone live as he lives. And, just as he does not criticize others undeservedly, he will not tolerate criticism from ill-informed or non-understanding men. He pays enough attention to his world to get his facts correct and in order. Those who don't know or twist the truth have no basis for dealing with him.

He is strict and demanding in many ways. He maintains his standards regardless of what others do or think. He knows that discipline starts and ends with oneself. Bondage is just a natural extension of that discipline. I never understood that until I knew him, even though my lifestyle was much more committed to physical bondage and discipline than his.

Our both being tops precludes sexually knowing each other—yet we each know what the other does and respect our individual privacies. Much of our souls is translated in the intimacies we share. Thus, love is undeniable. It has, in fact, made my life richer in every sense, stronger in my weakest moments, easier in the hardest times and bearable when it would have been unbearable without him.

Together we have made a new kind of living. We have not won in the material sense of winning in the world. What we have gained could be called spiritual, but only in a redefinition of spirit and soul. My leather brother has carried the weight of who I am even as I have tried to carry others. He has revealed to me things about myself heretofore unknown. I have rested on his shoulders and known the first real peace. The duty to honor his brotherhood rests on mine.

Robert Paul Dunn



Continued from page 68

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WEST

Howdy there, fellows and girls. Me and Gene here at Melody Ranch want to take you to Fantasyland out there in Oklahoma City. Here on our silver screen is the Western Clothing Store sequence from J. Brian's hot new film, "FLASHBACKS". Just imagine working there amongst all that leather and levis when two hot porno stars like Will Seagers and Miles Mitchell come in and want to try on tight Levi's.

"Not tight enough," they say and demand another pair. More and more clothes come off as eventually do the dynamic trio. However, in the meantime, these non-smoking Marlboro men give our Oklahoma Jim (Mullet) a bunkhouse workover, indoctrinating him with the traditions of womenless cowboys alone together for months on end. Jim, who obviously has been trained that 'the customer is always



'right' does his very best in a humble and accommodating way. Off comes his shirt, then his Levi's, even his boots. After all, it isn't every day that Superstuds such as these come in to try on Stetsons and overalls.

Our western hero achieves pain and pleasure, anticipation and arousal and finally brings his mentors to some glorious climaxes. On his knees before rows and rows of beautiful new western boots mixed with another aroma of fine wools and hot, sweating men, Oklahoma Jim is hard pressed to contain his own excitement. Jim learns first hand the smell, the feel, the ecstasy of serving the two beautiful westerners.





Finally used and drained he is left to wait on the next customers. Hopefully he gets his Levi's back on before they come in or it will be the whole scene all over again.

The Old West lives again in the hearts and crotches of us all. Don't forget, fellows and girls, to drink your Ovaltime, eat your Ralston Purina, chew your Juicy Fruit, smoke your Marlboros... and never bend over in the bunkhouse if you don't mean it. □



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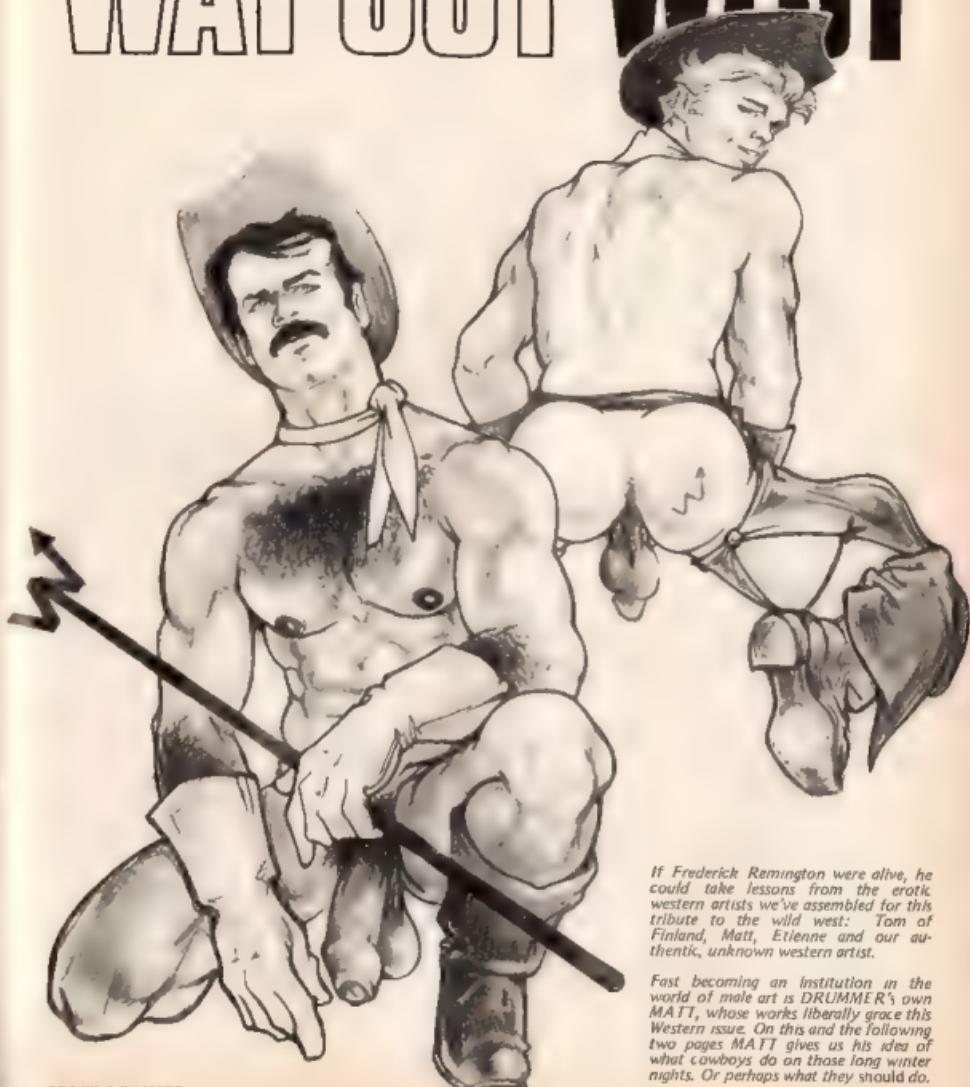
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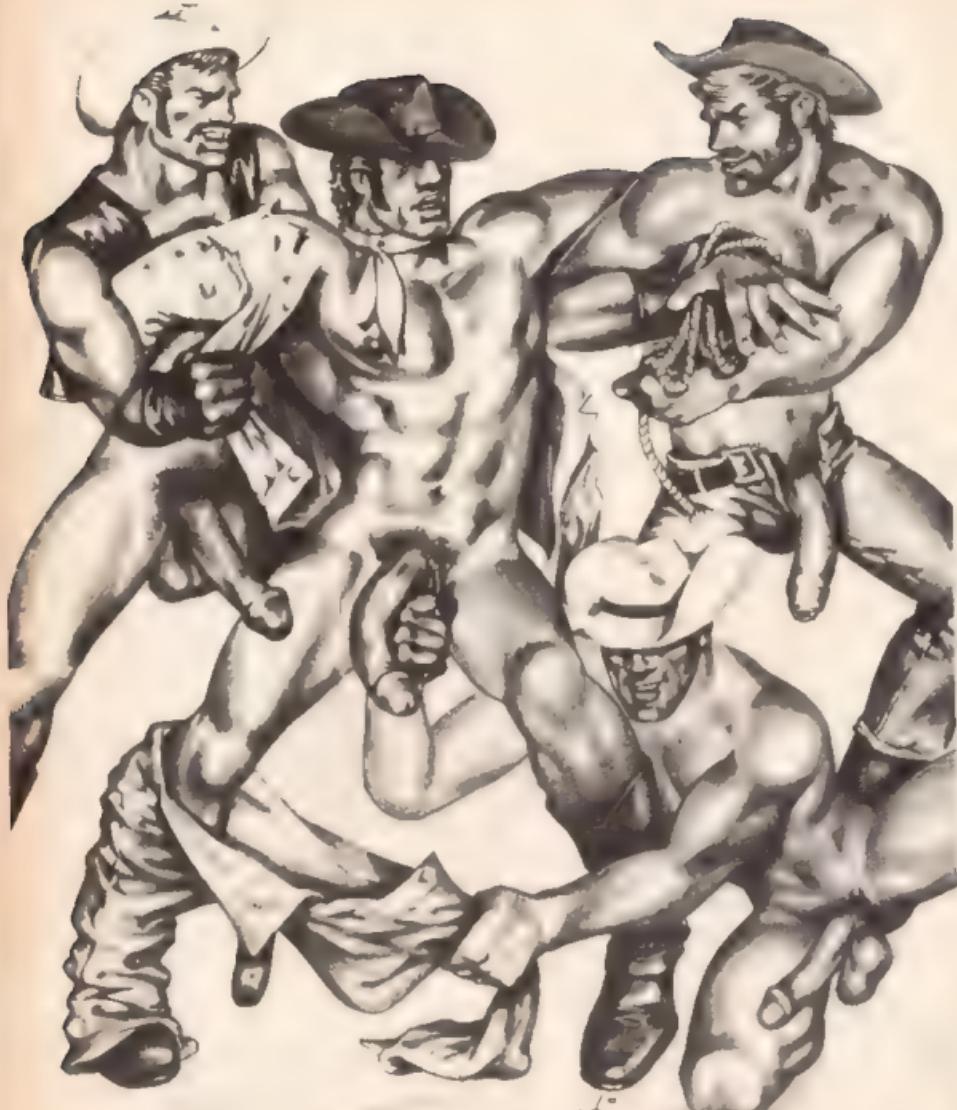


If Frederick Remington were alive, he could take lessons from the erotic western artists we've assembled for this Western issue. On this and the following pages MATT gives us his idea of what cowboys do on those long winter nights. Or perhaps what they should do.





MATT



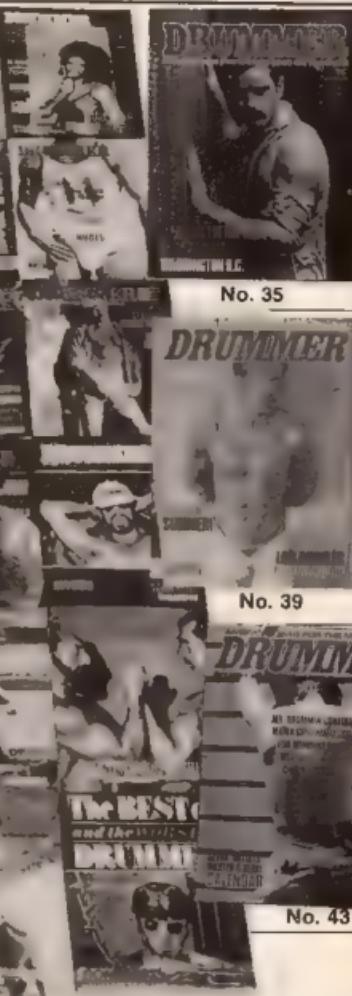
ETIENNE takes a back seat to no one in the cowboy department. The series "STUDS IN THE SADDLE", which this group stepped out of, is available from Target Studios. Etienne's men certainly know how to show a newcomer a good time and make him feel welcome around the old corral.



Then there is TOM OF FINLAND, the master of them all. His men, whether cowboys or leathermen seem to belong to a super race all their own. These three ooze sexuality while merely standing along the fence watching the little doggies get along. □

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DRUMMER ART

PETER HUJAR Robert Samuel Gallery

Although he has been exhibited before 1976, Peter Hujar's book of photographs, *Portraits in Life and Death*, in that year, with Susan Sontag's sterling introduction, seems the starting place for the general public's awareness of a body of work that has, over the ensuing years, resulted in some of the finest examples of contemporary portrait photography. Hujar's exhibit of 35 prints at the Robert Samuel Gallery (Nov/Dec 1981, New York) may not be the zenith of his portrait work, but it does appear to be a strain of photography hard-pressed to eclipse itself.

The images run the gamut: nude men to overdressed women to mystic children. These images are severe in their formality, that of composition and light—but amazingly accessible. So much of the character of the individual subject seems captured (or invented) by the photographer that viewing them is much more symbolic of theatre than one usually gets in a gallery show.

—DAG

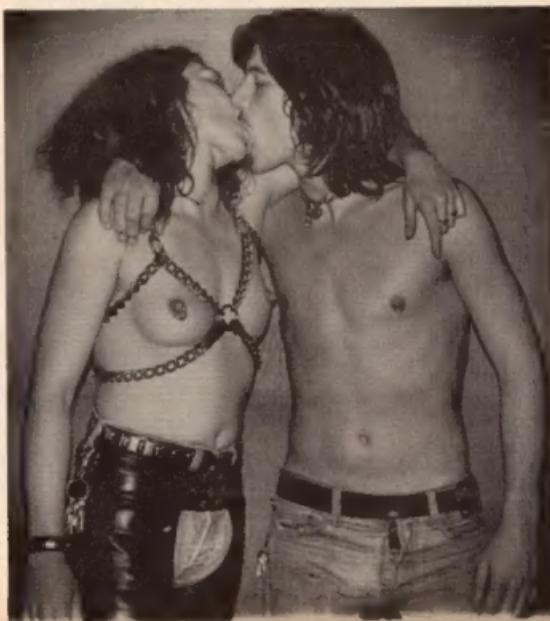


ROBERT PRUZAN The Ambush

Itself long known as a showcase for and patron to gay art, The Ambush (San Francisco) housed a late summer retrospective of photographer Robert Pruzan, a frequent Drummer contributor. Titled *Kisses, Screams and Other Delights*, the show was an assemblage of various formats and subjects. Looking at small format photographs (5x7 and 8x10) requires a different approach than the usual gallery-sized prints, which were mixed through the show. Pruzan used all sizes to advantage.

The entire collection ranged from candid street shots to the more manipulated studio nudes. In the latter, Pruzan is a traditionalist. The men exhibiting themselves are sexual objects and what is evident in almost all the work is the sexual tension between photographer and subject. Some of the men are extraordinary either because of their physical presence or their sub-surface sexuality. But the same can be said about a number of the non-nude images, primarily those of French policemen photographed clandestinely, or at least *au naturel*.

—JWR



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I'm 39, 5'10", 140 lbs, bearded, and have no app or race restrictions. Write Horst, Box 1015F. W/M, masculine, husky hunk, 49, 6'3", 235 lbs, virile, experienced, wanna macho stud near my size, 30 plus only. Into fit play, body contacts. One on one possible. California body builders, cowboys, leathermen, etc. reply to Box 170.

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BY DAD

Be direct and don't waste anyone's time! Call (415) 826-8705.

SAN FRANCISCO, Hot bearded man, 39, 6'1", 160 lbs., cut, white, into bodybuilding, backpacking and disco. Enjoy leather, military and western attitude. Sexual interests include cock and body worship, oil, movies, J/O, enemas, rimming, W/S, sweat, spit, toys, rape art, occasional FF and B&D (novice but interested). No scat and limited pain mixed equally with affection. Prefer slightly dominant, adventurous but level-headed partners. No fats or fems. Answer with photo for hot reply. Box 784.

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

AND S.F. AREA UNCUT

Wim, 28, 5'10", 170 lbs., seeking for uncut men, hairy, weird gut for heavy cockslapping. Photo gets hot reply. Box 14098, S.F., CA 94114.

S/M NOT

Handsome, experienced leather master seeks together man to serve me as slave and MC buddy rider. I am W/M, 28, 5'11", 130 lbs., black hair, mustache, blue eyes, 8" cut, doubled leather with irresistible sex drive. You like W/M, 24-45 goodlooking, 5'5" to 5'11", hot, hungry ass for long hot sessions, willing, loyal, submissive nature, trim beard and mustache preferred. Must be employed or financially independent. The kind of slave I want I can be down to the seat of my motorcycle and warm his ass with my belt and fill his hole with masterpiece and then fuck the hell out of his asshole with my hot experienced hands. Think you can serve a real Master? Then submit a respectful letter of experience with photo and phone to: Sir Calvin Martin, Box 1481, San Francisco, CA 94101. Lim's inspected.

BLACK MAN

40, 5'7", 128 lbs., looking for men 21-7 to train to my specifications. Should be 5'6" to 6', 120 to 180 lbs. Black skin & hair, hairy, mustache capable of blindfold. Body should be good shape, age, race & endurance most important. Unct with big feet have preference. Require recent photo with letter detailing your capabilities. Box 852.

Experienced San Francisco slave, 24, 5'6", 155 lbs., seeks personal leather Master for training in bondage and footlocking, water sports and whipping. Box 944.

SAN FRANCISCO, Muscular, big discs, butt, daddy, same size for hot times. Must also have hot receptive rear (FFA questionable), must like spanking, S/I work, some bondage, dildos, piss up your butt, and a nice ripe asshole for eating. I'm 33, 5'9", 148 lbs., well-endowed and unct, hairy, hunk, intelligent, nice men. I also like to kiss & cuddle. Do you? See issue no. 35, Tough Customers, "Bay Area Daddy." Send photo and frank letter, will get prompt reply. Kent, Box 5171, S.F., CA 94101.

SAN FRANCISCO, W/M, 32, slim, trim beard, 6'2", 160 lbs., M, but can be versatile, new to scene, willing to learn, into dudes who take care of their bodies, enjoy light S&M, B&D, Uniforms, WS, 3-ways, and have lots of fantasies. Not into FF, scat, heavy pain. Box 810.

S.F. LEATHERMASTER

38, 5'8", 165 lbs, 8" uncut, black hair, mustache, wants slave with balls or no balls. Someone who does a good blow job, rimming and licking crotch & balls for life of obedience and servitude, into B&D, TT, CST, MD (mad doctors), witchcraft, leather and rubber, FF optional. No scat or WS. Live-in a possibility for the right person. No overweights, fats, fems, olds. Send pic to Box A44.

LEATHERMAN

140 lbs., 5'7", is an absolute top. If you're a surly dude who likes getting his ass worked over real good and knows the meaning of submission, let's meet. Only hot bottoms respond with letter and recent photo. Box 1781.

GERONTOPHILES

El al. Corrupt early 50s, articulate tongue, kind but ruthless, even if I have knowledge of autohypnosis and sex. Send photo. No fats or hardcore drugs. Can you rise to the occasion? Box A52.

LATRINE DUTY

SAN FRANCISCO—bottom, 36, 6'3", 165 lbs., 8" uncut, looking for white bear-gut leather-master for toilet initiation, use me as a latrine, piss-soaked jocks sucked dry, also into levis and leather, bondage, shaving, recycled beer from cheesy uncut cocks. Box 562.

PIGS WANTED

SAN FRANCISCO—Two hot pig latrines, both w/m, 37, 5'8", 140 lbs., 7" cut. M. 40, 5'11", 156 lbs., 8" cut. Have sty, toys, FF, WS, enemies, bimbos, ass eating and other things. Photo gets photo. Write Troy, Box 3701, S.F., CA 94131. No scat.

EXTRA-HUNK

S/F. Is that you, bud? Is your dick straight, and/or extra-thick? If you've never been told you're too big and you know that it is a whole lot of extra-thick, then you want to meet me. I'm 29, 5'11", 160 lbs, ex-porno actor, hunky, hairy, hot ass, insatiable appetite. And if you're a young, super-hung hairy dude into fucking a hot ass with that meat of yours, plus any other raunchy action (except FF) write with a pic. I'm for real, man. Box 100.

BULLCOCK

ST. LOUIS. Hot top interested in making contacts with other hot men into hairy body contact, wrestling, body building with plenty of sweat and piss exchanged. Am 5'11", 160 lbs., 9" cut. Fr a/p. Gr active. Into Leather/Levi scene with real man. Must be hairy, no scat, no diapers, no diapers, wimples, or members of the "Chic Set" and absolutely no scat, and plan to move to San Francisco in Spring of '81. Box 1382.

I'M FRESH

San Francisco, young looking Asian has fantasies. "My clothing torn from my body then use as you wish, repeat." Reply with photo and letter. Box 1843.

NOVICE SLAVE WRESTLER

26, 5'10", 150 lbs., needs Master to wrestle me into submission. C/B, B/D, W/S, Lite S/M. Larry (205) 324-6789, 3737 O St., Apt. 19, Bakersfield, CA 93301.

DUBLIN—Experienced Master, W/M, 180 lbs., 5'11", seeks other masters who are man enough to accept a challenge. I enjoy masters bound at my feet begging be free if you can handle it. Write Box 1852.

QUARANTINE ART WANTED

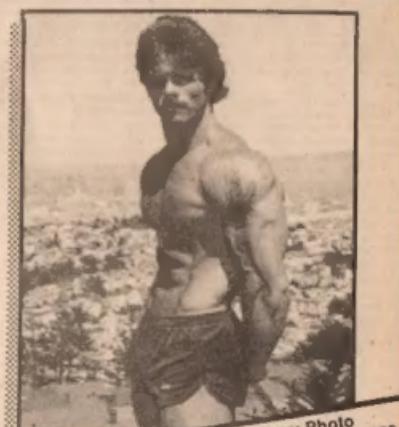
GEORGE QUAINTE (as published in Physique Pictorial 1980s) Prints, Slides, Photos, Original Art work wanted. Top prices paid. Also info regarding Victor Gargi. Write to Ted Smith, 724 Filmore St., S.F., CA 94117, (415) 883-0216.

SF DADDY (if you have a white hot ass that needs a lot of mouth work, make it happy. Call me at (415) 285-8390 OR write Box 1827

SAN JOSE, W/M, 5'7", 160 lbs., 31, seeking goodlooking W/M bottom 18-30 into Leather, bondage, tit-work, light S/M. No drugs, fats, tema, FAA. Novice preferred, limits respected. Fantasies considered. Call (408) 258-2666.

HOT S.F. COWBOY

57-, 140 lbs., top. If you're a horny dude who likes getting his ass worked over real good and knows the meaning of submission, let's meet. Only hot bottoms respond with letter and recent photo to Box 1781.



Bodybuilding Photography by Terry Photo
Exclusively available in San Francisco at The Magazine, 539 Noss, 1-10, plus \$1.50 handling. CA residents add 6% tax.
TERRY PHOTO, BOX 31241, SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94131